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THE STRANGE WOMAN—EPISODES IN THE LIFE OF A MAGDALEN, AS ILLUSTRATED IN THE CAREER OF NELLIE D. CAMP—A FEVERISH ROUND OF GUIDED VICE AND HOLLOW GAIETY WITH THE REACTION OF DESPAIR AND THE WOING OF THE WELCOME OBLIVION OF THE DREAMLESS SLEEP THROUGH THE MEDIUM OF THE FATAL DRUG—THE CLOSING SCENE—PARADING THE EFFECTS OF THE DEAD WOMAN BEFORE A THROG OF MORBID CURIOSITY SEEKERS—SOLD FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE PUBLIC BECAUSE—"FRIENDS SHE HAD NONE," NEW YORK CITY.—SEE PAGE 2.



RICHARD K. FOX, - - - - Proprietor

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FOR THE WEEK ENDING

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CAUTION.

We desire to notify the public that the GAZETTE has undergone a radical change in artistic and literary standing and in moral tone. It is, as now conducted, simply an illustrated record of current events, nothing of an improper character or inconsistent with the sphere of legitimate illustrated journalism being allowed in its columns. It has no connection whatever with any imitations closely copying its title for the purpose of profiting by its advertising and reputation. The GAZETTE frequently suffers, in various ways, from this confusion of titles and we desire to warn the public in the matter. Ask for the NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE, OF NEW YORK; see that the title, of publication place and name of the publisher are plainly set forth.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher.
183 William street, N. Y.

Answers to Correspondents.

Photographs and Sketches mailed to this paper exclusively, if made use of, will be liberally paid for. We also desire to obtain the name and address of each artist and photographer throughout the entire country.

W. T. K., Meadville, Pa.—Too far behind date.

H. H., Marshfield, Or.—A matter of purely local interest.

D. H. K., Boyertown, Pa.—Have published the items sent.

G. W., Newton, N. J.—Will publish it in our next if found suitable.

CORRESPONDENT, Somerset, O.—Have used it, and will return. Thanks. Item too ordinary.

CHIEF BOYLAN, New Orleans, La.—Much obliged for the effort all the same. Indebted for previous courtesies.

JACK A., Norwich, N. Y.—Answered you in this column last week in regard to it. Other item already published.

G. W. W., Union City.—Not receiving it in time for preceding issue, and it having been published elsewhere meanwhile, we do not care to use it unless in connection with the other.

CORRESPONDENT, Portland, Ind.—Have received the article referred to, and the case appears to be a strange one. Would like you to give us an explanation, which is not even hinted at in your letter.

HUMR, Kahoka, Mo.—Have done the best we could with it. Sorry you could not send portrait. Keep us posted as to any further particulars in the affair or anything growing out of it. Thanks for numerous favors.

DAN H., Rochester, W. T.—Can you not send us some voucher of the authority of the matter with further particulars? It is a delicate matter to handle without an endorsement. Should be glad to have the portrait if O. K.

G. M. C., Cincinnati.—Heartily appreciate and second your remarks. It's what we should call sound common sense. Let us know from which journal the clipping sent was taken. We shall probably have something to say to it on the subject.

B. S., Atlanta, Ga.—Had account of the affair in type from another source when yours arrived and had no room for the portrait, so near the time of going to press. Will return it, as the matter is not of sufficient general interest to warrant republishing. Glad to have you send us noteworthy items in season for forthcoming issue.

J. L. C. McAdams, Portland, Ind.—Your letter came to hand too late to receive attention in this issue, but you may rely upon our doing to the fullest extent whatever is right and possible for us to do, if, as it appears, we have been led into doing an unintentional injury through the treachery of parties on whose good faith we relied.

A. H. E., Rockville, Conn.—A subject of interest as a theme of town talk, but of little or none to the readers of the GAZETTE beyond, you will see. Attention appreciated, however. Shall be glad to have you look out for us when anything in the sensational line comes under your notice. Portraits of parties concerned always specially desirable. Ditto correct sketches of locality of occurrence.

L. P. P., Leadville, Col.—Your cheek is simply awe-inspiring. Would you kindly inform us, as a matter of useful information, whether it is a heavenly endowment, like genius, or whether it has been developed to its present heroic proportions in consequence of a residence in the rarefied atmosphere of your town-in-the-clouds; and, if so, how much. And so you charge us ten dollars for each clipping, one of which, with the portrait, appeared in our columns some four weeks since, while the other is only a little less ancient? Sir, the memory of that charge deserves to be enshrined with the equally memorable charge of Chester. Seriously now, was it not your intention to hand over those two ten dollar bills to the poor devil of an overworked and under-paid journalist who wrought out the two articles which you afterwards clipped, and in whose behalf, perhaps, you make this magnificent charge? Come, now, don't deny it, Mr. P. We would like to spare your blushes, but we are affected with an intuition that you are a disguised philanthropist, and we must speak it out.

MURDER FOR INSURANCE.

It must be evident to any thinking mind that the principles on which life insurance is based are of the most solid and enduring character; that the data on which premium calculations are founded cannot err—nothing being so sure as death—and that only by the villainy of those in charge of an insurance institution, can any loss accrue to policyholders. Again, we believe it is a duty a man owes to himself, his family and the state, that he should insure those dear to him against want, and take measures to prevent his helpless little ones from becoming a charge on the tax-payers in the event of his untimely decease.

But, like many other good things of this world, life insurance is capable of being the vehicle for the commission of terrible crimes, and for these crimes, we state most emphatically, insurance directors and agents are individually responsible. Two of the most revolting crimes of this decade—the murder of John M. Armstrong by Benjamin Hunter in Philadelphia, and that of Joseph Raber by the gang known as the "Blue-Eyed Six," in Lebanon, Pa.—were directly caused by the murderers insuring their victims' lives and then slaughtering them with a view to receiving the amounts due under the policies.

From an early period in the history of insurance such possibilities were acknowledged and, in fact, about half a century since a perfect epidemic of murder in connection with life insurance broke out in Great Britain, which caused special laws to be enacted to meet the occasion, and these laws are made first principles in the formation of all ordinances for the management of life insurance companies throughout the country. The chief point of these laws is that no man shall insure the life of any person, man or woman, unless he shall suffer an actual pecuniary loss through the death of the insured, and this possible loss is to be provided for by life insurance. It is evidently a good thing to be able to insure against loss from, say a man who, without anything to leave after his death, can repay a loan so long as life lasts and with it the power of earning money. But, in the case of Raber, Brandt and the others had nothing to lose through the old mendicant's death; they had no cause for protecting themselves by taking out a policy on the old man's life. And yet policies aggregating \$20,000 were issued on the life of a man who all his life was probably never worth half as many cents. The question arises naturally, how then was it possible to procure these policies, and unfortunately the answer comes too readily—through the grasping greed of the insurance agent thirsting for his commission and indifferent alike to the ruling of the laws of the state and those higher laws of humanity which must have suggested to him the danger into which he was helping a wretched old man to run. Then the board of directors, anxious to make their balance sheet show well at the end of the year, doubtless welcomed the handsome addition to their list without looking closely, or perhaps at all, into the claims of those who insured Raber's life. Full well they knew that, while carefully grabbing the first premiums, they would take excellent care that the sum insured would be paid only after the most searching investigation. The fact is, insurance companies of even high standing are too careless about issuing policies, while the care exercised about paying these policies when due is altogether out of proportion with their indifference while called on only to receive money.

In neither of the cases mentioned above have the insurance companies paid a cent, and yet they have in hand the premiums paid to them, while the agents have the large commissions paid on first premiums. Armstrong's heirs have just instituted suits to recover from the insurance companies the sums for which he was slain, and it is extremely doubtful if they will be successful. Wealthy corporations are hard foes to fight, and the same want of soul which permits them to calmly allow the life of a fellow-being to be sacrificed for their own aggrandizement stand them in excellent stead when refusing to pay to the bereaved relatives the money for which the victim was basely murdered. Let insurance departments look to it, that officers transacting such business as we have spoken of are confronted with and punished to the full extent the law allows, and so prevent the recurrence of such cold-blooded and deliberate murders in the future.

Favorites of the Footlights.

[With Portrait.]

There are so few really artistic danseuses on the stage of our day that those who have achieved that distinction stand out in stronger relief on the boards from the fact of their exceptional talent. Among those who deserve this rank there is no more brilliant figure and no more admirable character, whether as woman or as artiste, than Mile. Bonfanti, premiere danseuse, whose portrait adorns our gallery this week. Further than this, she is gifted with one of the handsomest faces and shapeliest forms to be seen in any line of the profession of our time, the latter quality being specially exceptional in her art, the intense muscular strain of which is apt to render somewhat harsh the proper curving outlines of a perfect female form.

Mile. Bonfanti is an Italian by birth, and has gained quite as great a reputation in the capitals of the Old World as she has in this, the land of her adoption, as

it is said, where there are but few theatre goers in any of our leading towns to whom she is a stranger or with whom she is not a favorite. The sad romance of her life in her marriage a few years since to a young American of a prominent New York family, to whom she was devotedly attached, and his death a short time subsequently, has been widely published, and is doubtless familiar to the majority of our readers.

The Career of a Magdalen.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The recent death of Nellie D. Camp, for some years a well-known resident of Fifty-third street, in this city, has furnished our artist with a theme for the illustration of the life of the strange woman, depicting the career of a Magdalen in its earlier episodes of gilded vice and hollow gaiety through the descending grades of sin when the extinguished fires of youth and passion give opportunity for the entrance of remorse and the fever of dissipation and debauchery has been succeeded by the reaction of despair and the prompting to woo the welcome oblivion of the dreamless sleep through the agency of the fatal drug; with the final fantastic scene of the parading of the dead woman's effects by the auctioneer before a motley throng of morbid curiosity seekers of every grade of society, in her late luxurious abode, sold by order of the Public Administrator for the benefit of the public, because in all the wide world "friends she had none." The real name of the deceased was given as Helen M. L. Cooper, though she was far better known under that of Nellie Camp. She was about thirty-three years of age, and resided for some time in Fifty-third street, from which she had removed to the house on the block below, in which the sale took place, only about three days before she died from the effect of an overdose of hydrate of chloral. She had been ill, and her physician had prescribed one dose of the drug. She took another without his advice, either with suicidal intent or through a craving for the mental relief it afforded. At all events, it proved fatal. The house in which it occurred is No. 106 West Fifty-second street. It is a neat three story brown stone building, flanked on either side by buildings of like structure. Across the street are cabins on the rocks. The sale was attended by such throngs of people that it was exceedingly difficult for one to squeeze through some of the rooms. Two policemen were in attendance. Many of the attendants on the sale seemed to know that the house and the unfortunate woman had a history. The catalogue included about everything in the house, from the contents of the kitchen and dining room, up through the parlors and up to the roof. One unsophisticated and well dressed lady exclaimed in effect: "Why, what a strange sale. See, they are selling even the very clothing of the deceased. Why is this? Had she no friends?" She was told that no single claimant had come forward, and that thus the effects were sold by the Public Administrator for the benefit of the public. The prices brought were good, and in many cases even very high. Some of the furniture was elegant, and there were many good pictures, some of them religious, and other works of art. The sale was so sweeping that it included not only jewel cases and curtains, but dresses, skirts, fur sacque and muff, shoes, stockings, handkerchiefs, collars and cuffs, &c. There was a considerable quantity of cut glass and plated ware disposed of. A goodly number of books were sold. Altogether, taking the crowds in attendance, the actual sale, the peculiar history, it was, to those who could "read between the lines," a very remarkable scene and revelation of the lights and shades of city life.

A Lawyer's Game of All-Fours.

[Subject of Illustration.]

KAHOKA, Mo., Nov. 21.—Colonel J. C. Coffman, the leading counsel for "Bill" Young, the lynched murderer of the Spencer family, to defend whom he came all the way from Toledo, O.; and who distinguished himself after the lynching by his masterly retreat from the mob, from Luray to Memphis, in this state, added to his notoriety by figuring in a rather remarkable street scene in this place a few days since. During his stay here he proceeded to get as full as he could and then endeavored to get up a fight with everybody in general and no one in particular. Not succeeding he started down the street in such an intoxicated condition that he was unable to keep his balance and fell to the sidewalk. As he did so his revolver dropped from his pocket and his plug hat rolled in front of him. Steadying himself on all fours he reached for the weapon, the muzzle of which was pointed towards him, and which in some manner was discharged just as he touched it, inflicting a severe wound in his arm, greatly to the consternation of a placid Granger who happened to arrive at the moment just in front of him. The colonel, however, insists that it was a case of attempted assassination and cannot be persuaded that his wound was self-inflicted.

A Reverend Seducer.

[With Portrait.]

The alleged Reverend D. M. Weisman, whose portrait is given elsewhere, and an account of whose shameful hypocrisy and licentiousness under the cloak of a religious teacher has previously been exhibited in our columns, in connection with the suit for seduction brought against him by Miss Emma Hesse, a young lady of hitherto unblemished character and a member of his church, whom his calling had given unwonted opportunities of leading from the path of virtue, was convicted on the 5th inst., in the Court of Common Pleas, in Somerset, Ohio, and was mulcted by Hon. Silas H. Wright, Judge of said court, in the sum of \$350, with \$76 costs.

Counsel for plaintiff accepted \$300 cash in hand, that being all the money he claimed to have after paying the costs of the trial, in full settlement, wisely considering the old adage, "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." It is stated that Weisman intends studying law, and make the practice of it his profession. He will doubtless make a counsellor of some sort should he have clients with cases similar

to the one which has caused his ruin in his church and in social life.

Result of an Exciting Outrage Suit.

NEW PHILADELPHIA, O., Nov. 19.—The exciting trial of Frederica Miller vs. John Schultz, for assault and battery, terminated this morning after a bitter contest of five days, in a verdict for the plaintiff, with \$275 damages. The testimony revealed the facts to be as follows, in brief: The plaintiff is a milliner in the town of Bolivar; the defendant is a hardware and tinware merchant. One evening in August last Miss Miller was sitting at an open window running her sewing machine when a hand was thrust through the window and seized hers, squeezing it tightly. At the same time she was addressed in a voice which she alleged she recognized as Schultz's. Later in the evening, while in the garden, she was seized around the waist and held in the arms of a man who made indecent proposals. This she recognized also as Schultz's voice. She screamed loudly, and the fellow was foiled in his purpose. The plaintiff claimed that the fright caused by Schultz's alleged indecent assault produced a prolonged spell of sickness. The amount of damages claimed was \$1,000. Notice was given this morning to set aside the verdict.

A Mad-House Scandal.

SOUTH BEND, Ind., Nov. 18.—Last week Mrs. Wm. Feerlinger, of this city, went to the County Asylum to see her sister, Maggie Schleiter. Maggie is about thirty years old, and has been in the Asylum since she was a little girl, being incurably insane. Mrs. Feerlinger had not seen her for several months, except once when she was covered up in bed, and she was horrified to see that she was to all appearances insane. She immediately returned to this city and informed her husband and Dr. J. C. Sack, an influential German physician, and yesterday he went over and made an examination, and at its conclusion informed the aggrieved relatives that she had been with child about seven months.

The relatives had hoped that it might be some disease, as she is kept in a room that is constantly locked, and she is handcuffed most of the time. The examination dispelled their hopes, and an effort will be made to investigate matters at the County Asylum, and fix this terrible crime where it belongs. The Germans in this city are greatly excited over this horrible affair.

Fought Three Men for One Girl.

HARBODSBURG, Ky., Nov. 21.—News has been received here of a novel duel fought by two young men named Hall and Ballman, who were both after the same young lady, living near the Hancock county line. They agreed to meet at a designated spot near Pellville, and fight the quarrel out "flat and skull," the best man to take the girl. They met according to agreement, Ballman going to the battle-ground alone, but Hall accompanied by one of his brothers and an outsider. Ballman and Hall stripped, and went to work with each other without delay, and in a few minutes the latter, getting as much as he wanted, yelled "Enough!" Ballman at once desisted, when the other Hall sprang into the fracas, only to get whipped in shorter order than his brother. The outsider, without a word of warning, then struck Ballman two savage blows on the head with a club, one lick laying the scalp open on top of the head, and the other taking effect just above the left eye, knocking the brow entirely loose from the bone.

A Canine Hallucination.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Henry Willis, of Bloomington, Ind., is a man with a monomania. His delusion takes the strange shape of a belief that he is a dog, with which he was so strongly impressed that for years he has felt it his duty to bark in canine style at those who passed his house, but as he was reasonably rational on other subjects it was not thought worth while to interfere with his demonstrations so long as they assumed no more aggressive character. Recently, however, his mania took a more active form and he appeared to have determined to claim the bite as well as the bark as a canine prerogative, and on several occasions savagely attacked and bit passers-by in true dog fashion. Then the Bloomingtonians awoke to the fact that he was a public nuisance which they abated by having him consigned to a lunatic asylum.

Ed. Duff, Hotel Beat and Confidence Man.

[With Portrait.]

The good people of Emmetsburg, Iowa, are considerably exercised over the operations in that town of a plausible young man giving his name as Edward Duff, hailing from Hamilton, Canada, whose sinful games as a hotel blik, beat and confidence man generally, produced an unwonted sensation in that quiet community. Having insinuated himself by his arts into the confidence of the people he played upon it to his financial improvement and their pecuniary detriment to the full extent of his rope and then "skipped" and is now said to be "working" Milwaukee, Wis., in the same manner. Meanwhile he is badly "wanted," in the police sense of the word, in Emmetsburg, Iowa. His portrait appears on another page.

A Fallen Woman's Love-Madness.

[Subject of Illustration.]

WACO, Tex., Nov. 21.—A young and handsome woman known as Irene Love, alias Minnie Adair, a member of the demi monde of this place, but recently from Houston, committed suicide this morning by taking one half drachm of morphine. Upon a young man's refusal to have anything to do with her, she stepped to the clock, as if to wind it, and, as she swallowed the contents of a vial, remarked, "Now, by God, my clock is wound up for eternity." She leaves children in Houston. She was buried at the expense of the demi monde of Waco.

CRUSADING THE CYPRIANS.

A Chicago Police Captain's Self-Assumed Herculean Labor of Cleaning One of the Moral Plague Spots of

THAT VERY WICKED CITY

Startling Revelations of the Infamous Traffic Which an Investigation of the Infected District Brought to Notice.

A WHOLESALE SLAUGHTER OF BABES.

[Subject of Illustration.]

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 20.—Captain Ebersold of the Harrison street police station, of this city, has organized a systematic and determined crusade against open prostitution and street walking, and is resolved to do all in his power to break it up, in which direction he has already made several vigorous moves. To a reporter of the Times a few days since he announced his purpose of renewing and continuing the raids on the strumpets who parade the streets, and stand at corners and in alleyways to entice men to their haunts. He objected to the use of the word "raid" in this connection. He was simply engaging himself in the undertaking to relieve the people of an abominable nuisance. He did not favor the plan of running in on the station, on one night, all of the prostitutes that could be found in doors and out, and then leaving them to run wild for a week. Periodical raids did more harm, in his opinion, than good. Two weeks ago he undertook just what he has now begun again, and he had freed State street as from a pestilence. He had resolved that no prostitute should ply her vocation in the streets, and, so far as he went, was successful. The captain was emphatic in his belief that half or more of the prostitutes of the south side will be driven out of the city or forced to engage in respectable work.

IF HIS POLICY IS ADHERED TO.

It is a sufficient reason for driving them out of the city that it is unsafe for gentlemen or ladies to walk along State street after nightfall. A respectable gentleman told me that he was proceeding along that thoroughfare not long ago with his wife leaning on his arm. As they passed an open hallway a cyprian standing in it, said to him in tones loud enough for his wife to hear, "Come in, Darling." He was dumfounded and his wife was similarly affected but "rather more so." She believed that he had been in the habit of visiting that woman and he found it next to impossible to disabuse her mind of that idea, notwithstanding she knew him to be not guilty. Respectable women are insulted by the roughs who infect that district and believe every woman seen on State street after dark to be dissolute, and decent men are harassed when alone or with their wives. But this is not the worst. Very few people know or suspect what an amount of crime is perpetrated on State street, from Harrison to Twelfth. Hardly a day passes but the report comes to the station that a too-susceptible Granger has been roped into one of the dens of these pick-ups—enticed by the bewitching devilish smile and coaxing of the harlots, and robbed of

ALL THE MONEY HE MAY HAPPEN TO HAVE.

Not only would these blighting curses of society be weeded out, but the concert saloons which are so numerous on State and Clark streets, in which ninety-nine out of one hundred of all serious rows and stabbing or shooting affrays occur, would be deprived of their patronage, and thus go out of existence. Every conceivable device has been resorted to which could eradicate the double evil of prostitution and concert-saloons, and failed even to check them, but the captain believed that his plan would succeed.

He said he did not propose to allow any woman to be disturbed while on the street for any legitimate purpose, or going to a restaurant for a meal, or doing shopping; but each and every one of those who are known to be prostitutes will be arrested on sight—if caught wandering about unseasonable hours. He was reminded of the fact that some of his men had gone to the extreme of arresting every woman on the streets if alone after a certain hour, and that respectable women had more than once been put in a filthy cell without cause, when he declared that any such over-zealousness would be justly dealt with.

"Above all things," said Captain Ebersold, "prostitutes must be kept off the streets except to

WALK THEM AS DECENT PEOPLE DO.

Not in one case in a hundred is the money recovered or can the charge of larceny be substantiated.

"But this is not all. If I could tell you the half that has been told me within a week of the darkest crime known—that of murder—and perpetrated on this same State street by, or with the knowledge and consent of, the women who occupy furnished rooms and are known as 'pick-ups,' you would stand aghast. I have reason to believe, I almost know, that infanticide and abortion are practiced daily within a few blocks of the heart of this city. A prostitute who was brought into this station a day or two ago said to me that the deaths of murdered infants, those which had been born regularly and were healthy and strong, would number no less than four a month in the house in which she lived. Not long ago I went with a squad of men to the house, at No. 310 State street, to bring its inmates into the station, because they had become unbearably troublesome to the neighborhood. In the upper room I found a woman in bed who said she was about to be confined and could not go to the station. The bed showed that a second party had been lying in it, and I made inquiries for the person. I was told at first that no one else had been in the room that night, but soon discovered woman No. 2 under the bed, herself in the same condition as the one I saw first. She had tried to hide, lest I should compel her to go to the station.

In that house were four young women, really but girls,

"SOON TO BE DELIVERED OF CHILDREN."

"There are probably 400 prostitutes in the locality I have named on State street alone. What becomes of the children born is a question, the answer to which would justify the severest measures in checking their nefarious traffic. A very few of them go to the Foundling's Home, the remainder of them—nobody knows where, but are probably torn in pieces and dropped into the sewers. I know that there are physicians plying the trade of abortionists on State and Clark streets, and frequently one of them is brought into court, but nothing can be proved against him. The sewer affords an easy and sure means of destroying all evidence of the heinous crime."

"The supply of women in these dens is kept up by young girls who are enticed from the homes of respectable parents both in the city and country. Relatives and acquaintances are induced to go to those places by those who find well-remunerated idleness more enjoyable than poorly-paid industry. It is these country girls and young ones from the outskirts of the city that soon find themselves seduced and sometimes submit to abortion at the advice of older inmates, or bear their children and allow them to be disposed of in any way. Many of these women occupy rooms over saloons which are run by parties ostensibly as a business, but really as a blind. Innocent people, once drawn into them, are induced to take the fatal step behind the scenes."

MARRIED, NOT MATED.

A Story of Wedded Incompatibility Followed By an Illicit Amour That Rendered Two Homes Miserable.

COSHOCTON, Ohio, Nov. 19.—Madame Rumor has been quite busy for the past week peddling a scandal in our community to the effect that Mr. T. R. Morton, a pillar in the church, a man of long and earnest prayer, a great temperance worker, and for a term chaplain in the Odd Fellows' Lodge here, has been guilty of improper intimacy with Mrs. George Snyder, a miner's wife, causing a general disruption of the families, resulting in the separation of Snyder and wife and the absconding of pious Morton, leaving behind him a delicate wife, with four little children to support.

As the story runs, Morton lived at Conesville, seven miles south of Coshocton, and was the superintendent of a coal mine there over a year ago. He and his family were on intimate terms with the Snyder family, who lived in Coshocton. Mr. Morton's business called him to Coshocton frequently, and he always called at Snyder's. Mr. Snyder was a miner, and was always at work during the day, and Mrs. Snyder received and

ENTERTAINED THEIR MUTUAL FRIEND.

The entertainment certainly was not objectionable or Mr. Morton would not have made it a point to come here every day, ostensibly on business, but really to call on Mrs. Snyder, as the sequel will show.

Every thing ran on smoothly for a year, Morton making his diurnal visits at the Snyder residence, but never once being suspected of an intimacy with Mrs. Snyder. It may be well to say here that Mrs. Snyder is a very handsome and entertaining lady, full of vivacity and a lover of company. Her husband is just the opposite. Though an honest, well meaning fellow, there was a void in her life that he could not supply. Morton is a man of affable manner, a good talker, has a clerical look, and was well calculated to lead the woman astray by his wiles, fortified as he was, behind his innocent phiz and his pretentious demonstrations in places of public worship.

AGAINST ANY SUSPICION.

A short time ago Morton came to Coshocton to superintend mining for the Union Coal Company, leaving his family at Conesville, and went to Snyder's to board. Their conduct since then has been such as to arouse the suspicion of the neighbors, but still the confiding husband had not suspected that he was being wronged, until a very short time ago he asked his wife to accompany him to church. She declined, because she didn't feel able. He went without her, and when he returned, lo! to his chagrin, his wife was gone, but soon returned with Mr. Morton, in a buggy. A scene followed. Snyder and wife separated. Morton stood it for a while, but his conscience pricked him too severely, and last week he left for parts unknown, without saying aught to his faithful and loving wife, with whom he had lived seventeen years without any dissension whatever to mar their happiness. A few days after his departure she received a letter post-marked New York, full of love and tenderness, in which he says that remorse having overtaken him, he could not bear to meet his fellow-men, and was now on his way back to England, of which country he is a native.

Four Verdicts from One Jury.

The verdict in the Nymman inquest in Passaic, N. J., on Friday evening, 21st, was a mixed one, but in coroner's inquests a majority decides. Seven of the jurors found a verdict charging the murder of John Nymman, who was found dead in his barn two weeks ago, upon his son Komah, and holding Komah Nymman's wife, Katie, as accessory before or after the fact, or both. Two jurors agreed to the same verdict, with the exception of holding Mrs. Nymman. One believed that some unknown person murdered old Mr. Nymman, and two believed that death was the result of accident. There were thus four verdicts from the twelve jurors, but the first one, signed by seven of the jurors, was the deciding verdict. Mrs. Nymman fainted when informed that she had to go to jail, and was seized with hysterics afterward. But she recovered about 1 o'clock the same night sufficiently to be removed to the Paterson Jail in a carriage.

She declared that if her husband murdered his father (and she did not believe he did) she did not know anything about it. Her eyes were red and swollen with weeping, and her condition seemed pitiable.

CURIOUSLY COMPLICATED.

A Young Girl's Charge of Criminal Assault Against the Prosecutor in the Mysterious Hollisterville Burglary Case, Which Revives That Remarkable Transaction.

HONOLULU, Pa., Nov. 21.—On Thursday night of last week, according to the brother of a young lady named Hattie Spangenberg, who lives with her parents, a mile or so from Hollisterville, that young lady reached home about 10 o'clock. She was in her bare feet and her night clothes, which were badly torn. Miss Spangenberg had gone the day before to keep house for Theodore H. Baker, postmaster and storekeeper of Hollisterville, whose wife had gone away from town on a visit. Baker is the prosecutor in the celebrated case of E. B. Hollister, Esq., George Burns, W. A. Meyers and Fanny Van Gorder, who were arrested last November, charged with a masked burglary at Baker's house. It was some time after the Spangenberg girl reached home before she could give an explanation of her strange appearance. She said she had gone to bed, and soon afterward Mr. Baker came in from the store. He called out to her that he had a letter for her, and told her to come down and get it. She told him to lay it on the table and she would get it in the morning. Some time afterward Baker knocked at her door. She begged him to go back to his own room. He then burst in the door and

ENTERED HER ROOM.

Her screams for help frightened him and he went down stairs. She ran down and was escaping from the house, when Baker caught her and drew her back. After a terrible struggle of several minutes she got away and made good her escape from the house, pursued by Baker. She ran across lots, although in her bare feet, and reached here as stated.

This story of the Spangenberg aroused intense indignation in this community, but Baker declared that there was no truth in the story, the whole thing being a scheme of the Hollisters, he said, to throw disgrace on him, and thus affect the coming trial of Hollister on the three indictments against him, arising from the robbery of 1878. Baker finds believers, but many people think that the girl's story is true, and that Baker will not appear in December to prosecute Hollister and the other prisoners, and the indictments against them will be quashed.

It will be remembered that on the night of Nov. 8, 1878, a fire broke out in the barn of C. M. West in Hollisterville. Baker ran to the fire. During his absence a masked man entered his house, knocked his wife and little boy senseless, and stole a wallet containing \$150. This wallet had in the afternoon contained \$3,000 which had been paid to Baker on a mortgage due from E. P. Hollister, Esq. Baker sent this money away. At the fire on the 8th it was noticed that none of the Hollisters, nor George Burns, a brother-in-law of Squire Hollister, was present. W. A. Meyers did not appear until the fire was nearly over. Fanny Van Gorder, Meyer's sweetheart, had mysteriously appeared at Baker's on the afternoon of the 8th, and

ASKED TO STAY ALL NIGHT.

It was she who called Baker at midnight to go to the fire, and she was then dressed as she was when she went to bed at 9 o'clock in the evening. Hollister, Burns, Meyers and the girl were arrested. They were indicted for burglary, arson, conspiracy and robbery. They were tried for burglary in February last. To the surprise of everybody, Hollister and Burns were acquitted and Meyers and Miss Van Gorder were convicted. A new trial was granted the two latter. Meyers ran away, and Miss Van Gorder was acquitted on the second trial in September. The other indictments against her were quashed. Hollister and Burns are to be tried on another indictment at the coming December court.

When Hollister was arrested he charged that Baker had begun the prosecution against him (Hollister) out of malice, as he was angry because the mortgage had been paid, as he wanted to sell Hollister out. Hollister also said that he had detected Baker in an attempt to betray his daughter. Hollister in the burglary trial, tried to introduce evidence showing the motive of Baker, but it was not allowed. The Spangenberg affair has made many believers in the Hollister charge against Baker, which were at the time generally disbelieved.

Perils of New York's Water Highway.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The Hoboken ferryboat Secaucus was crowded with passengers on the morning of the 21st on her 7:40 trip to Barclay street ferry. When about midstream her pilot, Captain Bunt, says he saw the tugboat Sadie Ellis crossing from New York at an angle of about thirty degrees with the Secaucus, the latter at the time heading directly down stream. She came so near him, he says, that he blew two whistles, but received no answer. He then slowed up and stopped and repeated the two whistles. The Sadie Ellis, he avers, continued on her course, paying no attention to the signals. Captain Bunt says he then backed the Secaucus and blew two whistles for the third time. The tug kept on without answering, sheered on to the ferryboat and struck her on the port side. There was no force in the collision, and neither vessel suffered any damage. The tug, however, ran under the guards of the ferryboat and careened so that the water rushed into her. Seeing that she was in danger of sinking Captain Bunt says he backed away from her and made as short a turn as possible to come to her assistance. There were six men on board the tug at the time—Daniel Androvett, her captain; Mr. Simonson, one of the owners; the engineer, the cook, the fireman and a deckhand. The water rushing into the furnaces sent out volumes of steam. The engineer and Mr. Simonson were rescued by the Secaucus, and the remaining four by a small boat from a schooner lying near at hand. The water kept pouring into the tug, and an effort was made by the tug

H. B. Whipple to tow her to Jersey City. She went down close to shore, her protruding smokestack marking the spot where she lies. The Sadie Ellis is a new tugboat. She was built this year at Tottenville, S. I.

Perault was taken to the Chambers Street Hospital, this city, and Henderson to St. Francis' Hospital, in Jersey City. The men are severely but not fatally injured.

The captain of the tug lays the blame on Captain Bunt, and made an official report to the local inspectors of steam vessels to that effect.

There was considerable excitement among the crowd of passengers on board the Secaucus, and several excited individuals stood armed with life preservers ready to jump from the boat. They were dissuaded, however, by cooler heads, and the damage ended with the injuries sustained by the cook and fireman and the sinking of the tug. The Secaucus continued her trips during the day and had "not a scratch on her," so the captain said. "The window of my pilot-house was down as you see it now," said Captain Bunt, when questioned on that point.

"Were the windows on the Sadie Ellis closed?" he was asked.

"I should say they were," said the Captain, "but her pilot couldn't help hearing the whistles anyhow. She was to leeward of us, and the noise of our whistles can be heard across the river."

Captain Bunt has been on the river for twenty-five years, and is considered one of the most careful men in the service of the company.

SWITCHED OFF.

How a Railroad Man Got Off the Track Socially and Financially Through the Fascinations of a Seductive Temptress.

COLUMBUS, O., Nov. 22.—For some days there has been much gossip in railroad circles touching supposed illicit relations existing between a well-known and efficient railroad clerk and a woman from Barnesville. The attention on his part was so devoted and so bold that it became manifest to his wife. The result of the affair was, his wife left him and he lost his situation. The person referred to is Mr. George Haffner, ticket agent of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, who resided at 46 East Eighth avenue. Mr. Haffner for many years was the chief clerk of Mr. A. D. Smith, when that gentleman was auditor at Columbus for the Baltimore and Ohio railroad. He was not in temperate, and had no irregular habits that his friends knew of until his infatuation for the Barnesville woman came to the surface. Having risen to a position of confidence, and being in the line of promotion, and having no habits that were likely to interfere with increased confidence from the company, it is strange to the friends of Mr. Haffner that he became

UNBALANCED IN THIS DIRECTION.

He has just returned from West Jefferson, to which place he went to hold a conference with Mrs. Haffner, who left his place of abode last Monday. Her friends live in West Jefferson.

It is stated that Mr. Haffner met the Barnesville woman last summer. They were together at Burr's Mill camp-meeting, near that place. Within the last few months she came to Columbus occasionally, stopping at places where it would be convenient to see Mr. Haffner. She is about nineteen years of age, has dark hair, blue eyes, and, it is said, is rather prepossessing. One excuse offered by Haffner to Mrs. Haffner, for following the woman, was that he was responsible for her deviation from the path of rectitude, and was obliged to take care of her. It is not stated whether the obligation was compulsory, or a streak of moral conviction that he should make some reparation for a grievous wrong.

Last Saturday Haffner told his wife that he had to go out on the road on business for the company. His wife, however, learned that he had not gone out of the city, but was stopping in town with this woman from Barnesville. Haffner came home Sunday, and it seems the wife could stand it no longer. It is stated by the neighbors that a hot time was had at the house for a time, and in the afternoon the husband left. Sunday night Mrs. Haffner took up the carpets, packed the furniture, and on Monday morning took the buggy and started for home. The matter had reached the ears of the officials of the Baltimore and Ohio company, and on Monday Haffner was discharged.

From parties with whom Mrs. Haffner has talked, it has been learned that Mr. Haffner actually took his wife's jewelry and gave it to the Belmont county girl. It is alleged by the injured wife that while she was in Cincinnati, during the Exposition, her husband had the girl installed as mistress of the house.

Haffner has had many warm friends in the city, was a competent railroad official, and a man of fine address. His sudden ruin for this reason the more surprises his friends. The case furnishes an illustration of those strange infatuations which at times cause men to forget almost all the ties which they ordinarily hold dear and cherish warm.

Tough Adventure of a Dog.

NEW PHILADELPHIA, O., Nov. 20.—A huge dog in attempting to scale a high fence into J. Coventry's yard missed his calculations and landed at the bottom of the well, sixty feet deep. The family thought the water rather "riley" next morning, but could not account for it. About noon the hired girl upon looking into the well discovered a pair of gleaming eyes staring at her from the bottom. Help was obtained and the dog drawn up. He was in the well about fifteen hours and kept alive by swimming all the time.

MILLBROOK, Canada, Nov. 22.—Mary Hunter, while in a fit of rage caused by illness, stabbed her brother Samuel in the side with a butcher knife, from the effects of which he cannot recover.

A Fellow with a Kissing Mania.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A more disagreeable evening for a walk than that of Tuesday, 18th, could not well be imagined. On that evening Miss Katie Neville of Yorkville was obliged to leave her quiet home to attend to a matter of business. While on Fourth avenue she was approached by a young man, who looked long and earnestly at her as though he was smitten by her attractions. He passed her and walked rapidly on for some distance, when he paused and waited for her to overtake him. When she reached him he caught her in his arms and attempted to kiss her. Katie made a good fight and left the marks of her finger nails on the face of her assailant in a manner that he will remember until the scars heal over, at least, and this will take several days, even after he gets out of jail.

Miss Neville, after demurring very greatly at the publicity the affair had attained, told her story to a reporter as follows:

"I had promised to take home some work I had been doing for a lady who lives on Fourth avenue. The night was very disagreeable, being rainy and dark. I went through Seventy-first street to Fourth avenue, and as I crossed Lexington avenue I saw the young man standing by the street lamp. I noticed that he looked pretty hard at me, but I paid no attention to him, and walked as rapidly as possible. I had turned into



A FELLOW WITH A KISSING MANIA—MISS KATIE NEVILLE'S ADVENTURE WITH A CHEEKY GALLANT AND HOW SHE LED HIM INTO THE EMBRACE OF A 'COP'; NEW YORK CITY.



"REVEREND" COLONEL JAMES HOWAK, ALIAS COURTNEY, MURPHY, ETC.; A MINISTERIAL MILITAIRS AND CONFIDENCE SWINDLER; ARRESTED AT OIL CITY, PA.

Fourth avenue, and walked several blocks, when the same young man passed me, walking very fast. I thought it strange, and wondered somewhat at it, but walked on. As I neared the corner of the next street he emerged from the shadow of a building, and, running up, caught me in his arms and attempted to kiss me.

I battled with him with all my might, but he succeeded in forcing me into an area and there kissed me on both cheeks, and tried to kiss me in the mouth. All this while I was screaming as loudly as I could. At last he became alarmed and let me go, when I walked on as fast as I could, looking for an officer all the way. Finally I met one, and told him what was the trouble. He said to me:

"Be still a bit now, miss, and walk back toward him, and likely he'll come at you again. If he does, I'll take him in tow."

"So I went back, and sure enough at me he came, and said: 'Ah, my dear, I have you now, and I'll kiss those lips of yours before you leave me this time.'"

"By this time the officer had come up and almost swung him off his feet."

"What's this you're doing?" he said, "interfering with this lady. Come along with me, now." The fellow was too much scared to say anything, and the officer marched him off forcibly to the station house. I think New York is a nice place to live in, but if a lady is unfortunate enough to be even ordinarily good-looking she is a target for the glances, and perhaps the assaults, of every lad fellow she meets, especially in the evening. I hope this fellow will be made an example of."

On the 19th in the Harlem court, Miss Neville's assailant gave his name as John Lamee, aged twenty-eight, living in Seventy-eighth street, near Third

avenue. Justice Kilbreth held him in \$300 to answer at the Special Sessions.

An Infatuated Truth-Seeker's Confession.

D. M. Bennett, who is in the Albany Penitentiary for sending obscene matter through the mails, writes a long and characteristically verbose letter to his paper in this city (the *Truth-Seeker*), confessing the authorship of the discreditable letters said to have been written by him to a former young lady employee of his. He writes (the spelling being his own): "Yes, my dear friends, I wrote those indiscreet letters which Bundy and Abbot have spread before the public. I regret it most deeply, but do not wish to evade the odium I am justly entitled to for what I have done. I will explain it all to you as well as I am able. The public have really no business with my private affairs, but this thing has been made so notorious, such gross misrepresentations have been circulated about me, that it is but justice to you, my wife and to my self, that I state the entire facts to you." He takes a retrospect of the last three years, and remarks: "I feel much as though I had been exposed to a species of moral misadventure, that I took the infection, and that it worked upon me with severity, depriving me, to some extent, of the little good sense of which I never had an over supply. I feel as though I had passed through a protracted malarial fever, and that in the height of it I had a species of delirium, and that while that was upon me I said and wrote that which by no means I would have done in my saner moments. Many a pure-minded person when out of his regular mind has talked wildly, extravagantly and even

coarsely. What I regret more than all else in connection with those disreputable letters is the unkind and unjust allusions made relative to my devoted and faithful wife. I cannot understand even how I ever could have penned such words, only on the ground that I was not in my right mind." Concerning the young woman to whom the letters were addressed (Hannah Josephine McNellis) Bennett says she was altogether disreputable and undeserving any sympathy in the premises. "She has hawked my private letters about from pillar to post. She has tried to sell them for publication to various parties, but did not find a buyer quite mean and contemptible enough for her dirty work until John C. Bundy accepted her terms."

In the same number of the *Truth-Seeker* Mrs. Bennett has a letter, in which she says: "Mr. Bennett told me all about those letters a year and a half or two years ago, and expressed the deepest regret that he had written them. I freely forgave him for the mistake, and we have lived together as happily since as before. He acknowledged the infatuation he had been under. I saw it myself and was grieved."

A street preacher, who on a recent Sunday was kicked out of a Mission House for entering where he was not wanted, complained at the Tombs of the treatment he had received. His complaint was dismissed, and the Mission man who kicked him out feels emboldened to announce that he will repeat the operation if the peripatetic evangelist calls again. The evangelist's specialty in religion is to find fault with the religion of other people and call them hypocrites.



"REVEREND" D. M. WESTMAN, A PIOUS VILLAIN AND CLERICAL SEDUCER; MULCTED IN A RECENT BASTARDY SUIT, IN SOMERSET, O.

for the men that had the plunder. He therefore made no effort to arrest him. A few minutes later the stranger returned, accompanied by three other men, one of whom staggered as though drunk. Two of them were carrying bundles. Dalton permitted them to pass him, and then, signalling to Patrolman Corcoran, who was concealed in a doorway, the two policemen arrested the two men that were carrying the bundles.

In the First Precinct station the prisoners gave their names as James Montrose of Baltimore and George Kelley of 352 Henderson street. Their bundles contained the stolen articles. Kelley, at the time of his capture, had on four overcoats, and Montrose was wearing a pair of James Eager's shoes. The property was identified by Mr. Eager and his son, and the prisoners were committed.

Mr. Eager's house has been robbed three times, and each time the property was recovered and the thieves convicted.

On the table in the dining-room were found the remnants of two cold chickens which the thieves had eaten and four empty champagne bottles.

In Love with a Lunatic.

A Morristown, N. J., young man fell deeply in love with a beautiful girl he saw at the railroad station. She was accompanied by an elderly couple, and as they stepped on board the train the young man followed until the party reached Newark. He followed them across the city and saw them take the train on the Pennsylvania railroad, stopping at New Brunswick.

He was enraptured, and knew not how to make his desire known. He shadowed the house where they stopped for two days. He almost swooned when he learned that she was a lunatic.



A STRUGGLE FOR DEAR LIFE LUMBERMAN D'AGGERS' CLOSE CALL IN A DESPERATE FIGHT WITH A HUGE BEAR, WITHIN A FEW HOURS OF THE METROPOLIS; NEAR TOBYHANNA, PA.—SEE PAGE 6.

CHICAGO CHICANERY.

How a Smooth-Tongued Financier with a Mathematical Talent Took in a Crowd Who Thought They Had Got Hold of a Moneyed Lunatic.

The readiness and promptness with which the average American citizen will put himself in a position to make a dollar was taken advantage of a few days since in Chicago by a young man who drove up in a buggy to a prominent corner in that city. He was a nicely-dressed, smooth-tongued young man, and he carried a small sachel slung around his neck. No attention was paid him at first, because most of the peddlers who stand at that corner "strike" a man for a quarter or more. But when he went down into a little box under the seat and brought up double handfuls of rings and commenced scattering them about by scores, then the people began to look. After gathering a crowd about him the young man announced himself as an agent for the "Double-rolled Beltham Gold Company, of Mount Vernon, N. Y." Before he went any further, however, he just wanted ninety cents for \$1. This chance to make ten cents caused the crowd to turn up a number of the required sums. For each ninety cents the giver received a \$1 bill. After disposing of about \$10 in this manner the young man produced some lockets, which, he stated, he would like to sell for fifteen cents. A number of them were purchased, and to the amazement of the purchasers each one was handed down wrapped in a \$1 bill. The demand for these lockets was great. The young man

COULDN'T HAND THEM OUT FAST ENOUGH.

About fifty of these were disposed of, and then the young man went down into the depths of that mysterious box and brought up twelve gold watches. These, he said, he would sell for twenty-five cents. He paused after this statement, and a perfect sea of dimes flashed around him. "Wait a minute," said he, "I want twelve men in this crowd to buy these fine double-case stemwinders. Gentlemen, the price is ten cents, but the twelve men who put up the largest sums get the watches."

The previous experience of the crowd led them to argue that if they put up a half a dollar they might get the watch and \$1 or more back. The result was that Mr. Man was kept very busy for about five minutes taking in the bills. They ranged all the way from \$1 up to \$10, and, as each was received by the agent, another bill of a similar denomination was wrapped about it and stowed away in the sachel. This giving in of bills continued until he had nearly \$500. During the collection he had kept up a running fire of talk, and not until he saw no more was to be invested did he stop for a minute. When he had received all that could be squeezed from the crowd he suddenly pulled his own watch from his pocket and remarked: "Gentlemen, it is 4:20. I have an engagement down here, and I will return in half an hour and give the watches to the

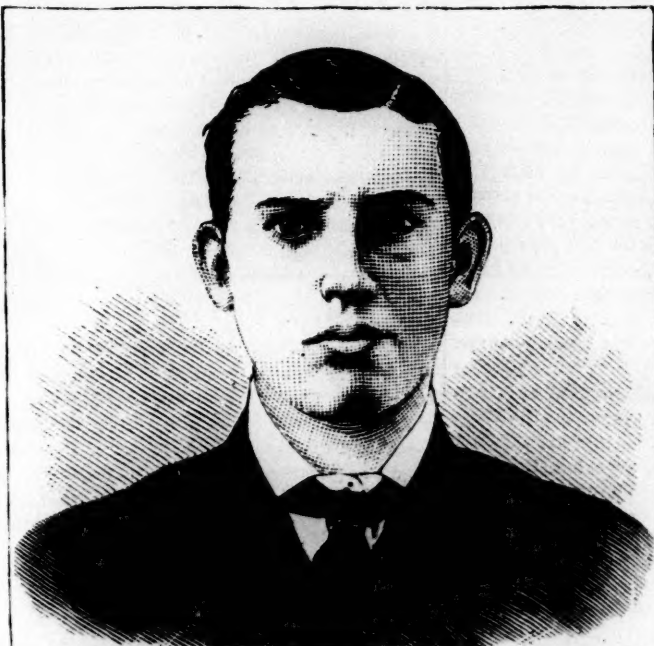
"GENTLEMEN WHO PUT UP THE MOST MONEY."

He then got down out of his buggy and walked west on Washington street, followed by the crowd. A dim suspicion entered the minds of the men and boys who had put up money that they had been sold, and cries of "Stop thief!" "Hang him!" and the like, filled the air. He continued on his way unmoved and serene, with the crowd howling at his back. No one seemed to dare to tackle him, each being ashamed of having lost the money by trying to get twice as much money as he gave, and so with the exception of the loss of a fine seal-skin cap, which was snatched by a one-armed boy who had been beaten out of seventy-five cents, the agent walked away from them and met a couple of pals and was driven away in a hack. The baffled and swindled crowd returned to the old corner to vent its spite upon the horse and buggy, but it was discovered that the rig had been driven away immediately after the fellow left by a man who had been hanging about all the time. A ten minutes' talk and the loss of about \$45 and a \$10 hat by the young man had netted him in the end between \$400 and \$500. On how many other occasions the trick had been done is not known, but it is safe to estimate that the clever young man will leave town with about \$2,500 more than he had when he came here.

A Policeman's Battle with a Gang of Roughs.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Patrolman Anthony J. Panet, of the Yorkville police, attempting to disperse a crowd of men who were acting in a disorderly manner on



EDWARD DUFF, HOTEL-BEAT, CONFIDENCE MAN AND LADY-KILLER; WANTED AT EMMETTSBURG, IOWA.



FAVORITES OF THE FOOTLIGHTS—M'LE BONFANTI, PREMIERE DANSEUSE. SEE PAGE 2.

Sunday night, 23rd inst., on the corner of Eighty-eighth street and Lexington avenue, was attacked and beaten with sticks and stones. The policeman drew his revolver and fired three shots at the mob, which then broke and ran away. It was afterward ascertained that a man named John Sullivan, living in Eighty-ninth street, near Lexington Avenue, had been shot in the right thigh. He was arrested, and Police Surgeon Lyon, who was called to attend him, pronounced the wound severe and ordered his removal to the Reception Hospital in West Ninety-ninth street, where the bullet was extracted. In the report of the occurrence to Inspector McDermott the police charge Sullivan with being one of the ringleaders in the attack on Officer Panet. The latter was slightly wounded.

Sensational Sequel to a Supposed Tragedy.

HUNTINGTON, W. Va., Nov. 22.—On the night of the 7th instant Isaac Hollis and a man named Webb, of Rockwood, across the river from this place, came up out of the river with wet clothes, and reported that while they, in company with William Shuck, were crossing the river the boat sank throwing them in the water, drowning Shuck. About the same hour John Vandyke, at the house of a woman on the West Virginia side, displayed what appeared to be a large roll of money. Shuck being a trading man, and having had money on his person during the day, suspicion was aroused, and Vandyke, Hollis and Webb were arrested. After an examination they were sent to jail to await trial on a charge of drowning and robbing Shuck.

Last Thursday Shuck made his appearance at home, a few miles from the river, on the Ohio side, and knows nothing about the drowning affair. It is generally thought that the whole affair was a job put up on an insurance company in which Shuck's life is insured for \$4,000. The accused are still in jail, and can only be released by a writ of habeas corpus.

Tribulations of a Pair of Swindlers.

READING, Pa., Nov. 22.—Jacob and Albert J. Huntzinger, the Pottsville bankers, who have served the greater part of their sentence of two years in the Berks county jail, were released to-day. They were sentenced in January, 1878, to a term of two years imprisonment and to pay a fine of \$500 and costs, and to restore to Thomas F. Kerns, a depositor in their bank, \$24,000. A commutation pardon was granted by the Governor, but the counsel to Kerns objected, as they had so far failed to comply with that part of the sentence in which they were

ordered to make restitution. They filed a bond, however, to present their petition, at the next term of court, for the benefit of the insolvent law, and were released. They were immediately rearrested on a process from Schuylkill county, and gave bail for their appearance there.

A LEADVILLE LYNCHING.

The Summary Warning Held up to Thieves and Desperadoes by a Committee of Business-Meaning Citizens of the Town in the Clouds.

[Subject of Illustration.]

LEADVILLE, Col. T., Nov. 20.—Leadville is to-day the scene of great excitement, the old mining days of California being forcibly recalled to mind by an occurrence which took place this morning about 1 o'clock. At that hour a mob, numbering several hundred, attacked the jail, and, in spite of all obstacles, forcibly took out two of the prisoners, a footpad named Stewart and a jumper of claims named Frodscham. These men were taken to an adjoining shed and hanged till dead. Frodscham had an evil name among the miners, with whom in Leadville, as in all other mining communities, the offence of "jumping" lots or claims is one of the most heinous.

Frodscham had been recently concerned in several mining affrays growing out of lot jumping, and had been

NOTIFIED TO LEAVE TOWN.

He was arrested last night and lodged in jail for some petty offence, and the Leadville miners, finding their warning to him disobeyed, took the summary action stated.

Stewart was one of two footpads or highway robbers who, a few nights since, meeting a German barber stopped him on the highway, and, in the language of the "road," ordered him hold up his hands. The barber did so, but as he raised his hands one of them held a pistol, with which he shot and killed Stewart's companion, and wounded Stewart in the neck, so that, being unable to escape, he was

ARRESTED AND LODGED IN JAIL.

An immense crowd surrounded the shed where the two men were hanged all day, as the bodies remained suspended till late in the afternoon. The policemen on duty permitted each new-comer to take a look at the bodies, and then compelled him to leave after his curiosity had been satisfied. A placard of warning hung around the neck of Frodscham, on which was inscribed: "Notice to all lot thieves, bunko thieves, footpads and chronic bondsmen for the same and sympathizers with the above classes of criminals. This is our commencement, and this shall be your fate. We mean business, and

"LET THIS BE YOUR LAST WARNING."

The event has produced the most profound excitement among all classes of people, some deprecating the action of the mob and being unwilling to see punishment, however well deserved, meted out to evil doers without due compliance with all judicial forms, while others, mostly of the old school of miners, believe in summary punishment for offences like those of Stewart and Frodscham. The crimes of each of these men are such as appeal very strongly to the feelings of a mining community, and it seems by a placard affixed to Frodscham's neck that the miners intended that the warning they gave to him to leave the neighborhood shall be made sufficiently public to act as a terror to men of that class. No action in the matter has yet been taken by the legal authorities.

A Big Bandit Hunt.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Nov. 23.—Southern Missouri is greatly excited over the fact that Jesse James, the outlaw, was not killed by George Sheppard, as was supposed, about a month since. Shepard's statement in the main was true. The bullet from his revolver entered James' body at the back of the head, and then

ranged downward. He was carried away by his companions, but has been partially deranged and paralyzed since. Jim Cummings, a companion, who was also wounded by Shepard, is guarding him in some thick timber near Joplin, but the whole country is aroused. An armed body of men left this city by daylight yesterday, and James and Cummings are to be brought in dead or alive.

A young girl who disappeared from Baltimore a week ago was found on Friday, 21st, disguised as a "Circassian girl" in a travelling show exhibiting in Newark, N. J.



MRS. ELIZABETH FOLEY, VICTIM OF THE LATEST CHICAGO ABORTION HORROR, FOR WHICH THE BULLERMANS ARE HELD.

AN UNJUST JUDGE.

The Bottom Facts in the Drama of Male Duplicity and Female Frailty in Which Judge Hayden Figured Unenviably.

ITS TRAGIC DENOUEMENT.

How It was Brought About, According to the Injured Husband's Statement, After the Judge's Masonic Disgrace for

DEBAUCHING THE WIFE OF A BROTHER.

The trial of W. H. Cochran for the murder of Judge Henry Hayden is to be begun at Grand Rapids, Wood county, Wis., on Tuesday, Dec. 2. The fact of the shooting of Judge Henry Hayden, of the same county, by W. H. Cochran, cashier of the First National Bank of Grand Rapids, was reported a few weeks ago, but the numerous intricacies of the case have not heretofore been given to the public. The social and political prominence of the persons concerned make it of more than ordinary importance. The facts that the men had been warm friends personally, and bound together in the close ties of the Masonic brotherhood, and that Hayden had been expelled from the local chapter a month before the shooting, on the charge of seducing a Master Mason's wife, render the trial of national interest. Cochran is 37 years of age, and a handsome, soldierly man. He was born in Otto, Cattaraugus county, N. Y., and after serving three years in the Federal army in the war of the rebellion, held a clerkship in the War Department at Washington for two years. His uncle, Joseph Cochran, a noted Persian missionary, lived for a time in the city of Buffalo, and it was while temporarily residing with him that young Cochran became acquainted with the lady who, soon after the close of his connection with the War Department, became his wife. Mrs. Cochran's family name is Darling, and her home is in Glen's Falls, N. Y.

In 1867 Mr. Cochran settled in Grand Rapids, and that place has since been his home. He has a fine new residence in Centralia, just across the river from Grand Rapids, owns an interest in the bank of which he is cashier, operates a shingle mill, and possesses other good property. He is extremely popular, owing to his frank, pleasant manner, coupled with intelligence and a manly independence. A beautiful little girl, now 9 years old, was born to him, and in all respects the wedded life of the couple seemed to be

undisturbed until a year ago. Judge Hayden was an Irish Protestant, 34 years of age at the time of his death. He was brought to America by his parents when a mere child. He first met his wife in Sun Prairie, near the capital of the State. He became a soldier, serving in the 35th Wisconsin. After considerable active service he was promoted to a captaincy. After the war he settled in Caldwell county, Mo., to practice law. He became Judge of the Court of Common Pleas in that county. In 1874 he removed to Grand Rapids. Soon after this he abandoned the Republican party and joined the Democrats. He was a tall, spare man, with raven black hair, a sharp but pleasing face, and a ready tongue. He ranked well as a lawyer and an orator, and seemed to enjoy society. In 1877 he came out as a Greenbacker, and was nominated for the attorney-generalship. He made many enemies in law, in politics, and in society. Yet his abilities and perseverance were such that he was counted as a successful young man.

Cochran and Hayden became friends. Prior to October, 1878, Judge Hayden had never met Mrs. Cochran, but they knew each other by sight. At the county fair in that month Hayden introduced himself to her, and soon afterward presented his wife. It was natural that the families should become acquainted, and there was nothing particularly bold in the manner in which Judge Hayden formed his acquaintanceship with Mrs. Cochran. It was simply evident that he desired to know her, and he risked the effect of violating a social custom in speaking to her

WITHOUT AN INTRODUCTION.

Subsequently he met Mrs. Cochran frequently in the streets, and took pains to say to her that he enjoyed being acquainted with her, and hoped that they might become good friends. She was inclined to flirt, and the manner in which she and the Judge became acquainted, gratified her liking for flirtation. His smooth words always found attentive ears, and it was not a great while before they began meeting clandestinely, and exchanging notes to facilitate their plans. Her letters to the Judge on these occasions were signed "Nellie Howard."

Mr. Cochran was in total ignorance of anything like intimacy between his wife and Judge Hayden until the fifth day of June last, when an intimate friend informed him that a lively correspondence was going on between the two. Mrs. Cochran at that time being on a visit to friends in Minnesota. Cochran set about to see some of that correspondence. Three days later he intercepted a letter from his wife to Hayden, revealing her sin and the family disgrace in the plainest manner.

The outraged husband immediately telegraphed for his wife to come home. He met her at the depot with a carriage, and on the way to their residence told her of the discovery he had made. She at first denied everything, but upon his quoting passages from the letter,

SHE MADE A CLEAN CONFESSION.

The young banker left her in the house and departed, saying that he could not live with her any longer. He took the child with him, but a few days afterward restored the little girl to the keeping of her mother, who had taken up her residence with her parents in the same part of the town. He gave up the child temporarily out of compassion for his

wife, who was utterly prostrated by the disgrace and separation.

"Something kept telling me that I ought to shoot the scoundrel who had thus broken up my home," Cochran said, "but I had hopes that he would leave the place. I do not so much blame my wife, for she is childish and vain, and could be easily influenced by such a man as Hayden was. Nevertheless, I can not bring myself to live with her after what has happened; but I forgive her for the part she has played. Our separation occurred three months or more before the shooting. My mind was made up that I would grin and bear it, but it was very hard to see Hayden driving and strutting about with an air that seemed to say that he gloried in such villainies, and cared nothing for the effects of them. Two weeks before the shooting, Hayden bought the Centralia Enterprise, a small Greenback weekly paper. In the first number under his ownership, the paper announced that it would put in nothing in the way of objectionable personalities, but the next number contained a communication attacking me, and charged that I was using the influence of the bank to injure Hayden's business. This was the first unkind thing that had ever been said of me in the community, and

"IT GALLED ME TERRIBLY."

"That evening I learned that the communication was written in Hayden's office, under his supervision. I made up my mind that he had done enough in seducing my wife and breaking up my home, without running his newspaper against me. It was more than I would stand, no matter what the consequences might be, and I concluded to put him out of the way."

The shooting was done in this way: Cochran loaded a heavy fowling piece with buckshot the following morning, and carried the weapon with him to the bank. At noon he carried it to and from his residence, with the full determination to shoot his man on sight. Many men saw the gun in Cochran's hands, and knew his object. Nevertheless they made no effort to prevent the tragedy, so high was the excitement of the public. At 5 o'clock in the evening the cashier crossed the bridge into Centralia, where Hayden kept his office. Sitting down in front of his store he waited for the Judge to appear in the street. At half-past 5 the latter came out of the office with his partner, and stood talking on the steps. Cochran walked past them, so that they could see him. When about fifteen paces off he turned, took a quick aim, and fired.

STRAIGHT AT HIS ENEMY'S HEART.

Judge Hayden was carried into the office by his partner, and there he died in five minutes. Cochran returned to the village of Grand Rapids, and gave himself up to the authorities. He was lodged in jail for the night, carefully guarded by a host of friends. Excitement grew to its highest pitch, and a few of Hayden's friends made an unsuccessful attempt to organize a lynching mob. Next day Cochran waived an examination, and was admitted to bail, the amount of his bond being \$10,000. It is the general opinion that he cannot be convicted, as two-thirds of the county are in full sympathy with him.

During the summer the two weekly newspapers of Grand Rapids, one Democratic and the other Republican, carried on the bitterest kind of warfare upon Hayden, and both were being prosecuted by him for libel. Two weeks after the shooting the office of the Reporter, Jack Brundage's journal, was burned by an incendiary, presumably one of the dead Hayden's friends. The expulsion of the Judge from the Masonic Lodge was, in a measure, owing to the influence of Brundage, who caused the investigation to be instituted. The trial was upon three or four different charges of unbecoming conduct, the principal one being that of seducing a Master Mason's wife. The trial lasted nearly all one night, and resulted in his expulsion, 33 to 5.

Search for a Murderer's Treasure.

LEBANON, Pa., Nov. 19.—Yesterday a thorough search was made in the mountains at Indiantown Gap for the plunder that Drews said was buried there. Every spot that bore the slightest resemblance to the place indicated was searched, but without success. The hunt for the supposed buried treasure will doubtless be continued for many a day by people living in the neighborhood and others who will visit the place for that purpose, but the Lebanon Times' opinion is that nothing of the kind mentioned in the letter attributed to Drews will ever be found. The search of yesterday, however, was not altogether fruitless, for it resulted in establishing the fact that stolen goods of some kind or other had been buried in the mountains. About half way up the mountain side a large hole was discovered, and near by was a broken barrel, which looked as though it had been recently taken from the hole. This is supposed to have been the hiding place of counterfeit money, eggs, or other plunder of the mountain thieves.

The following is the letter of Drews in the original:

"TO I BRANDT."

"I let you no about something about the Indiantown gap there is about 1500 Dollar worth things burret in them Rocks left hand wen you from hier go in the Gap that is Lrase lot of Julere 15 new Wathes 27 suet Clothing Boots Tobakko and Ciggar 2 of them Boys is the Penitanter for 8 years and the other won is gone to Californi he never come bak and the 4th git hangt dot sta ther in the Rocks 2 1/2 Year yit ther is nobody that no that if you come out You may git that and i think you give my Wife some of them Wathes and some thing that is ther in a boks she is covert with shet iron on tope ther git no rain on You and old hunter You will find that ther is a bik stone on top You will not lift it alone tell me wat You do that"

Wm. Shuck, of Huntington, W. Va., who, it was supposed, had been drowned in the Ohio River on the night of October 7th, has made his appearance at home. Three men, named Van Dyke, Hollis and Webb, are in the Huntington Jail charged with Shuck's murder.

A STRUGGLE FOR DEAR LIFE.

Exciting Adventure of a Pennsylvania Woodman With an Enormous Savage Bear in His Native Wilds Within a Few Hours of the Metropolis.

(Subject of Illustration.)

STROUBSBURG, Pa., Nov. 15.—A lumberman named Daggers, in the employ of a firm at Tobyhanna, in the upper part of this (Monroe) county, had a thrilling adventure in the woods, four or five miles from that village, on Thursday last, with a bear that he had wounded, and that he escaped alive is considered something miraculous, even among the old hunters of that wild region. Bears are still plenty in the woods of the Pocono Mountains, the scene of Daggers' adventure. On Wednesday, lumbermen returning from the woods saw a large one near the foot of Burnt Chestnut Ridge. Daggers, being a successful hunter started out in search of it on Thursday. His dog took the track about noon, and chased the bear out of the swamp and up the ridge. It took to a deep crevice in the rocks, from which Daggers sought to eject it by resorting to the usual mode of smoking the den by building a fire at the entrance. Another opening that led to the retreat chosen by the bear was not seen by the hunter, and when the smoke filled the cave it left by that opening, and was not discovered by Daggers until it was some distance up the ridge. He fired at it and hit it, but the wound only accelerated the

SPEED OF THE RETREATING ANIMAL.

The dog followed it closely, and forced it to climb a large tree on the top of the hill. It crouched in the crook of two large limbs 30 or 40 feet from the ground. Daggers fired at it, and the effect of the shot was to cause the bear to loosen his hold on the tree and come tumbling heavily to the ground, but not to inflict a fatal wound.

This placed the hunter in great peril, for the bear was furious from his wounds, and attacked Daggers at once, giving him no opportunity to reload his gun. The dog sprang fearlessly at the bear, but was caught in the powerful fore-paws of the latter and crushed to death in an instant, without retarding in the least the advance of the bear on the hunter. It rushed at Daggers with distended jaws. He struck at it with all his strength over the head with the butt of his gun, which was shattered to pieces, and apparently had no effect on the bear. Daggers kept the barrel of the gun in his hand and drew his hunting-knife. As the bear rushed upon him, he shoved the gun-barrel in its mouth and

PLUNGED HIS KNIFE INTO ITS VITALS.

The fortunate stab was what saved the hunter's life, for in the terrible struggle that ensued he was unable to inflict any other wound on the animal. The bear wrenched the gun-barrel from Daggers' hand, and with a blow of his fore-paw knocked the hunter to the ground. In the fall Daggers dropped his knife. The blow stunned him for an instant, and his face was much lacerated by the claws of the bear. He arose barely in time to escape the clutch of the bear, and could not recover his knife. He saw that the bear was bleeding so fast from the knife-wound that its shaggy hide was red from its breast to its feet. Daggers backed away from the bear, with the intention of dodging behind a tree and then escaping to a safe distance, knowing that bruin would succumb to his wounds in a comparatively short time. In retreating, however, his heel came in contact with something that tripped him up and he fell on his back among the scrub-oaks. The bear jumped upon him before he could get up, and

RANK ITS CLAWS INTO HIS SHOULDERS.

The fall hurt the hunter, and the weight of the bear almost crushed his body. Daggers says he thought his time had come, and in desperation he thrust out with a small stick he had broken off a scrub oak as he fell. The stick entered the bear's left eye and put it out, causing the animal to jump upon his haunches with a howl of rage and pain. Daggers sprang to his feet, but before he could take a step the bear grasped him by the shoulders. A desperate struggle ensued, the bear endeavoring to get the hunter in its hug and Daggers putting forth every effort to prevent it. Finally, by the tearing loose of his clothing under the sharp claws of the bear, he escaped once more. The flesh on his shoulders was badly torn, and Daggers grew faint from the pain. The bear followed him up so closely that they were again in

HAND-TO-HAND CONFLICT.

The bear was visibly growing weaker, and the hunter's strength was also gradually leaving him. He tried to run but could not, and the result now depended on whether the hunter or the bear gave out first. For several minutes they struggled together among the scrub-oaks until Daggers felt that he could hold out no longer, although the bear staggered and fell, and rose with difficulty. The hunter took two or three quick steps to one side and fell to the ground unconscious. He does not know how long he lay insensible, but when he revived he tried to get up and could not. He dragged himself to the foot of a hemlock tree and rested his back against the trunk. Almost within his reach, the great bear lay dead. But a few minutes after Daggers regained consciousness, he heard the voices of some men who were passing along the brow of the ridge. He shouted to them. They proved to be two wood-choppers from the Tobyhanna mills. They rendered him all the aid in their power. He was suffering more from exhaustion than any injury he had received. In an hour he was able to start home. The wood-choppers carried the carcass of the bear in, hanging on a pole between them. It was the largest bear that had been killed in the Pocono region for years.

Those Irrepressible Jenkses.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 23.—In the Circuit Court of Baltimore city, Judge Gilmor granted a divorce *a vinculo matrimonii* to Mrs. Mary A. Jenks. The complainant was a granddaughter of Captain Janson, a sea captain, who sailed for many years from this port, an deserved

under Commodore Rodgers in the war of 1812-14. She alleged that she was wedded fourteen years ago, when sixteen years of age, to Captain Norman F. Jenks, who was then a lieutenant in the revenue service. Shortly after Captain Jenks went to California, where he remained nine months. He then left the revenue service and took command of a merchantman. His wife accompanied him on several voyages.

In October Captain Jenks went to Norfolk to superintend some work going on there for the government. At first he wrote regularly to his wife and sent her money. Several months after his letters changed in tone and he stated he was unable to support her, and urged her to apply for a divorce. The cause of this change, it was alleged, was that he had become attached to Mrs. Amelia Campbell, the widow of a rich citizen of Norfolk. She is about thirty-six years of age and has two children. They traveled together, visiting Montreal, Richmond and Washington, and finally came to Baltimore. It is said that he was married to Mrs. Campbell. On their arrival in this city Mrs. Jenks had an interview with Mrs. Campbell and Captain Jenks, and the latter, finding that he had been discovered, left the city. The suit for divorce followed. Captain Jenks is a brother-in-law of Mrs. Agnes Jenks, who testified in the Louisiana election fraud cases.

MIRACLE OR MUDDLE.

The Strange Spectacle Which Startled a Kentucky Community—An Object in the Form of a Man Making Gestures in Mid Air Which They Believed to be the Lost Aeronaut Helplessly Drifting in the Clouds.

OWINGSVILLE, Ky., Nov. 20.—A strange and inexplicable sight has been seen in this county, and it has created a furor of excitement greater, if anything than the world-wide celebrated shower of flesh which fell in this county several years ago. The report came to this city that a man had been seen standing in mid air, at a point about six miles east of town; that he was making gestures of all kinds, and after staying there about a half hour had suddenly ascended until it rose beyond the view of the naked eye.

A reporter started for the place where the object had been seen. He found the lady who had first seen it to be Mrs. Abraham Goodpaster, wife of a reputable farmer, and she a reputable lady. Her husband, Mr. Goodpaster, had gone to Fleming county to mill, and she was washing some clothes, when, on looking up, she saw over a field near by something like

A MAN SUSPENDED IN MID-AIR.

about twenty feet above the tops of the trees. The figure was making gestures of all kinds, but spoke not a word. It would throw up its hands wildly, then fold its arms, then clasp its hands and drawing its knees up assume the attitude of prayer, and then commence its wild gestures again. When Mrs. Goodpaster first saw it she called to her mother-in-law, who lives with her, and she, too, came out and saw it, but was so frightened that she would not stay out, but ran into the house and hid. Mrs. Goodpaster's family of children came out, and with their mother continued to look at it for about twenty-five minutes, when all of a sudden the figure began to ascend, and continued to rise until it had

VANISHED FROM VIEW.

The figure was tall and slender, with a long neck, and was seen distinctly by Mrs. Goodpaster, her mother-in-law and her entire family, all of whom give about the same description, and leave no doubt but that they saw something; but what it was, or who it was, they are unable to say. Mr. Goodpaster being away from home, his mother, the elder Mrs. Goodpaster, took this figure as a certain omen of his death, and sent post haste for him by his two eldest sons, who were surprised to meet him on his way home, well and uninjured.

James Leanus, a farmer living near Mr. Goodpaster, also saw what he thought was a balloon, but saw no man in it. He stood and watched it for some time, when it was taken up out of sight. A young son of one of the Otis' also saw the same thing, but was

UNABLE TO TELL WHAT IT WAS.

Many inferences and conjectures as to what it was or might have been were made. A few believe that it was Prof. Wise in his skeleton balloon, or some other aeronaut, and that in order to reach the ground, if possible, he had lowered himself from the car in the vain hope that he might be able to land in some of the tree-tops. Others turn to the opinion that it was a sign from heaven, but for what they say not, while others hoot at the idea of its being anything or of anything having been seen. As to this last opinion it is clearly erroneous, as there is no doubt but what these people certainly saw something, as they could not all be mistaken, and while had only one seen it the skeptics would have had good grounds for believing it was imagination on her part; yet such is not the case, seven persons having seen the same thing at the same time, and they are all persons who can be believed. The matter has created great excitement, and Mrs. Goodpaster has been visited by a large number of persons, to one and all of whom she has told the same story. She attempts to make no explanations, has none to make, nor does she desire any. She gives the facts just as they appeared, and while she would be glad to know what it was that she saw, who it was, and what it meant, she makes no pretensions to such knowledge.

A pardon was received on the 22d, by United States Marshal Payne for George M. Martin, formerly an employe in the Registry Department of the New York Post Office, who was arrested in the summer of 1878, charged with the theft of registered letters. He was tried, convicted and sentenced by Judge Benedict, in the United States Circuit Court, on October 22d 1878, to one year and nine months imprisonment.

SENSATIONAL SUITS.

Not One But Several Confronting a Reputable Young Man and His Alleged Medical Helper in a Woman Scrape as a

SERIOUS LEGAL SEQUENCE

To the Betrayal of a Too Confiding Girl and a Subsequent Effort to Escape the Consequences

THROUGH THE ABORTIONIST'S ART.

GREENSBURG, Ind., Nov. 24.—In the Circuit Court in this place the trial of the case of the State of Indiana against C. C. Bevins, for abortion, forms just now a huge sensation. This is but the beginning of a series of several cases against Dr. Bevins and William Myers, which are for serious charges, and very sensational in their details, and causes such a crowd to gather within the walls of the old courthouse as has never before been there.

Eliza Frances Levisse, daughter of "Old Zack" Levisse, living near Milford, in this county, was taken sick in the early part of September, and became so bad that a physician was called in, whose acute eye immediately discerned the fact that the poor girl had been the victim of an abortion. She was confronted with this charge, and, being told she could not live long, told the following

STARTLING STORY:

She said that about three months previous she had, among other callers, a young man named William Myers, the son of a neighbor, who had robbed her of the priceless jewel of the virgin—her virtue.

Time winged its flight, and Eliza, so she says, found that no longer could any arts of her dressing conceal the dreadful secret from sharp and trained eyes that she had paid the penalty for her unwise love, lavishly bestowed upon her idol, and that the natural results of her illicit intercourse were soon to be visited upon her. She further said that she made her alleged seducer acquainted with these facts, and that on Monday night he drove her to the city, and in the dental office of Dr. Burns, an abortion, by mechanical means, was performed upon her. On the following Thursday night she was delivered of a three months' fetus, and immediately thereafter became sick, as described. She did live, however, and

WILL BE ON HAND WHEN NEEDED.

Every one was loth to believe this, that is, so much of it as related to Burns and Myers; an abortion had evidently been committed upon her, and the fetus being secured by the officers and bottled, will be on exhibition at the trial.

The defendants were arrested, and waiving the preliminary examination, were bound over to court. The excitement is simply intense, and nearly every one hesitates to believe that such a well-known citizen as Dr. Burns could be guilty of such a base crime.

The doctor pronounces the whole story, so far as it relates to him, as false in every particular, and proposes, he says, to prove it a blackmailing scheme. He says he could have compromised it for a little or nothing, but that he would not do; his honor is at stake, and he proposes to see it through. Four cases—two criminal and two civil—have been brought against Burns and Myers; one for abortion, and one for murder in the second degree. Zach Levisse also sues them for procuring an abortion on his daughter, and claims \$2,000 damages. He also sues William E. Myers, on relation of his daughter, for seduction, claiming in this \$3,000 damages.

Eliza Frances Levisse is a very comely country maiden of nineteen; about this, however there is a legal squabble, as an important item in the seduction suit.

HINGES UPON HER AGE.

Whether justly or not, the foul breeze of "gossip" has blown over her and left its taint. Zachariah Levisse, her father, is a very poor man with a large family, and whose character is likely to be pretty heavily assailed in the trials to come.

William Myers is the son of a wealthy farmer living near Milford, who will spend a goodly amount of "sugar" to clear the cloud now resting on his son's previously good character.

Dr. C. C. Burns, who so prominently figures in these ugly suits, is the widely-known dentist who for years has been a resident here, and one of our honored citizens, being now a councilman. Never before has any act of his been questioned, and he owes it to himself and his friends, who are legion all over the State, to disprove these serious charges now resting on his name.

The desks have been cleared away, new seats brought in, Tunny, the stenographer, employed to pencil-paint the sensational attendants; the best legal talent employed to fight the case to the bitter end, and all is now ready for the trial of the most sensational case that was ever on the Decatur county docket. Messrs. John A. Scobey and C. & J. K. Ewing conduct the defense, while the State will be represented by Miller, Bracken and Tackett.

Romance Ended in Farce.

[Subject of Illustration.]

An unlucky elopement at Reidsville, N. C., the other day, proved altogether too much of a runaway for the satisfaction of the elopers. Mr. Charles Ellis and Miss Mannie Richards, residents of the place, represented two hearts that beat as one. That of the paternal parent of the young lady was of the flinty character, and did not beat in unison with their matrimonial purpose worth a cent. Thus placed at a disadvantage in regard to the regular mode of procedure, the lovers determined upon the time-hon-

ored resort of lovers similarly placed, and planned an elopement. They accordingly "lit out" early in the morning, in the lover's carriage. The horse, however, appears to have been seized with the spirit of the occasion, and decided to run away also. The expectant bride vociferated, the buggy broke down, and her father put in an appearance on the scene, duly provided for the emergency with a double-barreled shot-gun. The would-be bridegroom started to find the horse; the father took a change of venue in the case of the bride, and the wedding was unavoidably and indefinitely postponed.

A Sweet-Scented Swindler.

[With Portrait.]

An individual calling himself James Howak with titles and aliases too numerous to mention, and who is generally credited by the police with being one of the most accomplished swindlers who ever gained a livelihood by practicing shrewd confidence games, was arrested in Oil City, Pa., October 25, and his brilliant talents will probably be eclipsed in the walls of the penitentiary for some time to come. The following description and brief account of his operations which was embodied in a circular sent to police headquarters throughout the country by Detective Jerry Smith, of Allegheny City, Pa., gives a glimpse of the character of the fellow:

"Wanted, on a charge of robbery, Rev.-Col. James Howak, alias Rev. Col. Courtney, alias Rev. Col. Murphy, alias Col. William P. Bates, chaplain in the regular army. Sports a major's uniform with leaves on the shoulders, gold cord on pants, wears a military soft hat with gold cord and tassels. Sometimes takes the leaves off his shoulders and puts on a lieutenant's straps. Sometimes he wears a black frock diagonal coat, with dark pants with small stripe on them, and black soft hat, heavy double-soled boots. Generally wears a linen duster over his uniform. Represents himself as chaplain in the regular army, with the rank of colonel. He came to Allegheny City, and went to a family by the name of Smith, and represented that he had been appointed by the government administrator of some property, which he claimed they had fallen heir to, and he wanted them to give him money to go to Washington to settle their claim, which they refused to do, stating that one of the family would go with him. The morning they were to start, the colonel got up at 4 o'clock, and left for parts unknown. He took with him a quantity of jewelry belonging to the family. He tried the same game in Beaver, Sharon, and Youngstown, O., but without success in either of the last-named places. He is going from place to place playing the same game. The Smiths placed so much confidence in him that they gave him the full run of the house, and he took advantage of it, and robbed them. He will go to a house and represent himself as a cousin or some relation. He did so in Youngstown, and made the family believe he was a cousin."

An accurate likeness of this suave and hypocritical swindler appears on another page.

Remarkably Mixed.

The story is told of a Hartford gentleman who recently lost \$100 in bills, and remembering that he had had the money last at his butcher's, went there to learn that just after he had left a man came to the shop to make some purchases. He felt in his pocket as if he had lost something. Then, looking down, he saw a roll of bills on the floor, picked it up and counted it. There was just \$100, and from it he paid for what he had bought. A week later the second person returned the \$100 to the first with the following strange explanation: On the day referred to he had been out to Windsor to collect some money, and in his haste to return to Hartford thrust it, \$100, in bills, as he supposed, into his vest pocket. When he went into the market above referred to, he naturally felt for his money, and, missing it, looked around for it and saw the roll on the floor, which he supposed was his own. He had used it during the week, and only on that day had he put on his working coat. While at work he wanted a match, and in feeling through the pockets of his coat to his astonishment he found the \$100 he had put there instead of into his vest pocket. As soon as possible he went to the market to see if any one had lost that sum of money, and this led to a general settling all around. He did not know at that time that he had been suspected of the theft, and did not imagine that he was in danger of arrest.

Mrs. Foley, an Abortionist's Victim.

[With Portrait.]

On another page we give a portrait of Mrs. Elizabeth Foley, whose death through criminal malpractice forms the latest abortion sensation in Chicago. The victim was a married woman, is represented as quite handsome, and seems to have had no object in subjecting herself to the abortionist, except a dread of child-bearing, in which she was probably stimulated by a too-prevalent female vanity and love of pleasure. Mr. and Mrs. Bullerman, who are reported to be engaged in the nefarious traffic, were charged by the coroner's jury with the commission of the crime, and were held to await the action of the grand jury.

A Frightful Canadian Tragedy.

OTTAWA, Ont., Nov. 26.—A fearful murder was committed last evening on an old man living at Perth, Ontario, named William West, from the effects of which he died. He was found in a moribund condition, with his head and jaw horribly fractured, lying on the floor in the house occupied by a carter known by the name of "Yankee Brown." An ax was found in the room, with which the crime is supposed to have been committed. Chief Constable Stone arrested and placed in custody a young fellow of unsound mind, named Benjamin Mitchell, on suspicion of having committed the act.

ROBBED ON THE RAIL.

Thrilling Adventure of Mr. and Mrs. Bacon, American Tourists, With a Pair of Venetian Brigands by Whom They Are Robbed and Narrowly Escape Being Murdered in an Italian Railroad Car.

[Subject of Illustration.]

For the third time within two years, writes an Italian correspondent, a very lamentable event has occurred on the railway from Ala to Verona, and it is high time that the authorities should at length seriously take the matter up. On the evening of the 19th inst. three passengers changed carriages at the Ala station from the Austrian train into the direct train for North Italy. They were Mr. and Mrs. Bacon, from America, and Sig. Coleston Romiello, an engineer from Naples, who all entered the same second-class compartment. In this compartment there were already two male passengers, cleanly attired in country fashion and wearing broad rimmed hats. They were just speaking with one of the railway officials, who, it was noticed, wore the number 7 on his uniform. They were asking him whether they had got into the right carriage, showing their tickets. On being answered in the affirmative, they took their seats, one on one side of the door and the other on the opposite seat, but at once got up and spoke to each other rapidly and in a low voice, but in such a manner as to rouse the suspicions of the American, who at once

DETERMINED TO BE ON HIS GUARD.

The Neapolitan engineer sank into one of the further corners of the coupe and prepared for a nap.

About half an hour after the train had started one of the two individuals above mentioned let down the window and leaned out of the carriage, turning the door handle as he did so. Immediately after this the two men, the one armed with a pistol and the other with a formidable knife, attacked the three other inmates of the compartment, demanding their purses and valuables and threatening them with death in case of refusal. A desperate struggle now ensued between the two desperadoes and the American and his wife, in the course of which the pistol was discharged, without, however, doing any one injury. Instead of attempting to help his fellow travelers, the engineer cowered trembling into his corner, and pulling his purse, which contained about 150 lire, out of his pocket, offered it to the robbers.

In spite of all the efforts of the American and his wife, the brigands got the upper hand, and obtained from them their traveling bag, containing thirty napoleons d'or. Without attempting to possess themselves of Mrs. Bacon's jewelry, the robbers now got of the compartment, locking the door and placing themselves on the steps of the carriage. As the train at this time was increasing its speed, they had not the courage to jump off. From time to time they looked in at the window, threatening the inmates so that they did

NOT VENTURE TO GIVE AN ALARM.

The train soon approached the hermitage of Cernino, where the great curve of Pescantina commences; the speed began to slacken, and the robbers jumped from the carriage steps when the speed was slowest, and then ran from the line across the fields. These latter facts were witnessed by a gentleman who was in another compartment, but who had no means of giving an alarm. In their confusion the robbers had left behind them on the seat of the compartment the Neapolitan's portemonnaie, with its contents of 150 lire. This latter gentleman, when subsequently asked by the police why he had not attempted to resist the attack, after the energetic example shown him by his companions, answered, "I dare say! Fight them with that long weapon (the knife which they pulled out)!"

The American lady showed the greatest courage, and it was to her that was due the fact that the pistol was discharged without hurting any one.

THE ROBBERS HELD HER FAST.

In the struggle one of her kid gloves was torn and her skin beneath suffered a scratch—"the first gift of Italy," as she called it. Otherwise the American lady and her husband were not hurt. The robbers spoke in the Venetian dialect. One of them was tall and dark complexioned; the other of short stature and blonde. Besides the money, the robbers carried off from the American a silver breastpin and a silver watch. A certain Francisco Pattaro, known as a smuggler of Pescantina, has been arrested under a strong suspicion of having been one of the two robbers—the one, namely, described by Mrs. Bacon as the dark complexioned man. The prisoner, who has a bad reputation and is regarded as a dangerous character, has already been convicted a number of times for theft and violation of the laws, and had only shortly before been let out of prison when the attack on Mr. and Mrs. Bacon was made. The prisoner denied any knowledge of the affair, but was immediately recognized by Mr. and Mrs. Bacon as one of the two men. Pattaro is described as a man of tall stature and powerful build, with black hair and dark eyes. The police have orders to arrest another man who is strongly suspected of having been Pattaro's accomplice.

A Duel with Pitchforks.

[Subject of Illustration.]

RICHMOND, Va., Nov. 22.—Mr. J. T. Norris, a resident of Northumberland county, in this state, employs a number of negro hands on his place, and among them one Dick Knock and a man known as Bob. On Sunday morning last these two quarrelled, it is thought, about a woman to whom both were paying attention.

Later in the day the two met again in the stable and renewed the quarrel, and finally proceeded to a free Virginia fist fight.

As neither seemed to gain any particular advantage over the other they each seized a pitchfork and began a desperate onslaught upon the other.

The fight lasted for nearly a quarter of an hour,

during which time both men received several severe stabs.

Finally Bob made a dash at Knock and plunged his fork in the latter's abdomen, inflicting a wound from which the blood flowed freely, and which will probably result in the death of the wounded man.

Bob, who was only slightly injured, as soon as he realized what he had done, took to his heels and escaped into one of the adjoining counties. When Knock was found he was lying in an unconscious condition. He was taken into the house of Mr. Norris and medical aid summoned, but very little hope is entertained of his recovery.

A Faithful Wife and a False Husband.

CINCINNATI, O., Nov. 24.—Alexander Varena is a handsome German actor, who figured prominently as member of a company that held the boards in the German Theatre at Vine and Mercer streets ten long years ago. At that time the manly form and poetic grace of the good-looking Varena awakened in the gentle breast of a fair maiden the unquenchable flames of womanly love, and, although violently opposed by her parents, the young girl bestowed upon the German actor the divine right of calling her his wife. The child-wife was the daughter of a saloon-keeper named Lucius, and when the business engagements of her fine-looking husband called him away from this city she joyously went with him to share his trials and triumphs. Herr Varena and his pretty wife traveled extensively, and, although their sojourn in each city they visited was necessarily of short duration, the masquerade Varena generally managed to win the affections of one or more susceptible damsels wherever they went.

Some time ago, after years of change, the pair arrived in San Francisco, Cal., where Herr Varena played and followed his usual vocation until he received an offer to go east. This he accepted, but this time the wife did not accompany him, she being left in 'Frisco on some pretext or other, best known to Varena. Last season Varena trod the boards in Philadelphia to some extent, and while there he and a girl named Bernhardina Hoffstetter, who was engaged in the same theatre with him, became enamored of each other. This season Herr Varena and Miss Hoffstetter got engagements at the German Theatre in this city, and upon their arrival here Varena introduced Miss Hoff—, etc., as his wife, and they obtained board on Vine street, over the Rhine, as such. Matters went on serenely with the loving pair until last Friday. On the morning of that unlucky day Mrs. Varena arrived here from 'Frisco, and learning where her husband was boarding she called at the house and asked for him. The landlord invited her to a seat in the reception-room, and went up-stairs to call Herr Varena, the handsome actor, who had not yet arisen for the day.

Varena came down-stairs all unconscious of the scene in store for him. When he saw his wife he was struck all in a heap, and turned as pale as a barrel of ashes. Realizing the mess he was in, he hurriedly begged his wife to go to the Walnut Street House, promising to be there in a short time. She went, but he didn't come up to the promise, and once more the injured wife called on him at his boarding-house. This resulted in his visiting his wife at the Walnut Street House. It is said that Varena is concocting a scheme to get Mrs. Varena out of the city.

A Remarkable Criminal's Confession.

Captain Williams, of the Twenty-ninth precinct, on the 25th arraigned before Superintendent Walling a Frenchman, named Albert Laverne, who surrendered himself last night, and confessed that he had stolen \$30,000 worth of diamonds from a relative in Paris a few years ago. The prisoner, who is thirty years old, when questioned by Chief Walling, told the following story: "In 1876 I was in partnership in the jewelry business with my brother-in-law in Paris, France, and in the latter part of that year I ran away, taking with me diamonds worth \$30,000 belonging to my partner. I came to this country, and under the alias of Abraham Levy I traveled to the Black Hills. I squandered my money on wine and women, and to-day I am penniless. I have determined to give myself up and am willing to take the punishment I deserve."

The police were notified of the robbery, but were not requested to arrest Laverne.

His history while in this country is well known to the readers of the GAZETTE. It will be remembered that in the year 1877 he attempted to murder his mistress on Sixth avenue, near Fourteenth street, and falling in that shot himself in the breast with a revolver. At the time it was thought that he would die from the wound, but as he was a powerful man he recovered. Some months afterward he again attempted to kill his mistress, for which offence he was convicted and sentenced to the Penitentiary on Blackwell's Island.

He served his term and since his discharge has been noticed lurking in the vicinity of a house uptown. He has also figured in other criminal proceedings. He is a remarkable man, and his adventures are of a thrilling nature.

Laverne was taken to the French Consul's office, and it is thought that he will be returned to France at the expense of the French government.

An Accommodating Adulterer.

GREENSBURG, Ind., Nov. 20.—A sensational suit for divorce was concluded to-day. Daniel Lance, a well-known inhabitant of this and Tipton county, complained that his wife Nancy was a bad woman; that she went to parties, got drunk, went with other men, and had committed adultery with one Elijah Jewell, all without her husband's consent. The climax was capped by the introduction of Jewell's deposition, in which he admitted having had sexual intercourse twice with Nancy Lance. The decree prayed for was immediately granted.



A FALLEN WOMAN'S LOVE-MADNESS—"MY CLOCK IS WOUND UP FOR ETERNITY"—DRAMATIC SUICIDE OF MINNIE ADAIR, A MEMBER OF THE DEMI-MONDE, ON ACCOUNT OF HER ABANDONMENT BY HER LOVER; WACO, TEX.—SEE PAGE 2



A POLICEMAN'S BATTLE WITH A GANG OF ROUGHS—OFFICER PANET PUTS TO FLIGHT A COWARDLY MOB WHO HAD ATTACKED HIM IN A BODY FOR BREAKING UP THEIR DISORDERLY GATHERING; NEW YORK CITY—SEE PAGE 5



A DUEL TO THE DEATH WITH PITCHFORKS—FATAL FIGHT BETWEEN TWO SENEGAMBIAN SWAINS WITH THE IMPLEMENTS OF THEIR CALLING, OVER THE LOVE OF A DUSKY DAMSEL; IN NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY, VA.—SEE PAGE 7.



CHICAGO'S CRUSADE AGAINST THE CYPRIANS—AN INCIDENT OF CAPTAIN OF THE MORAL PLAGUE SPOT



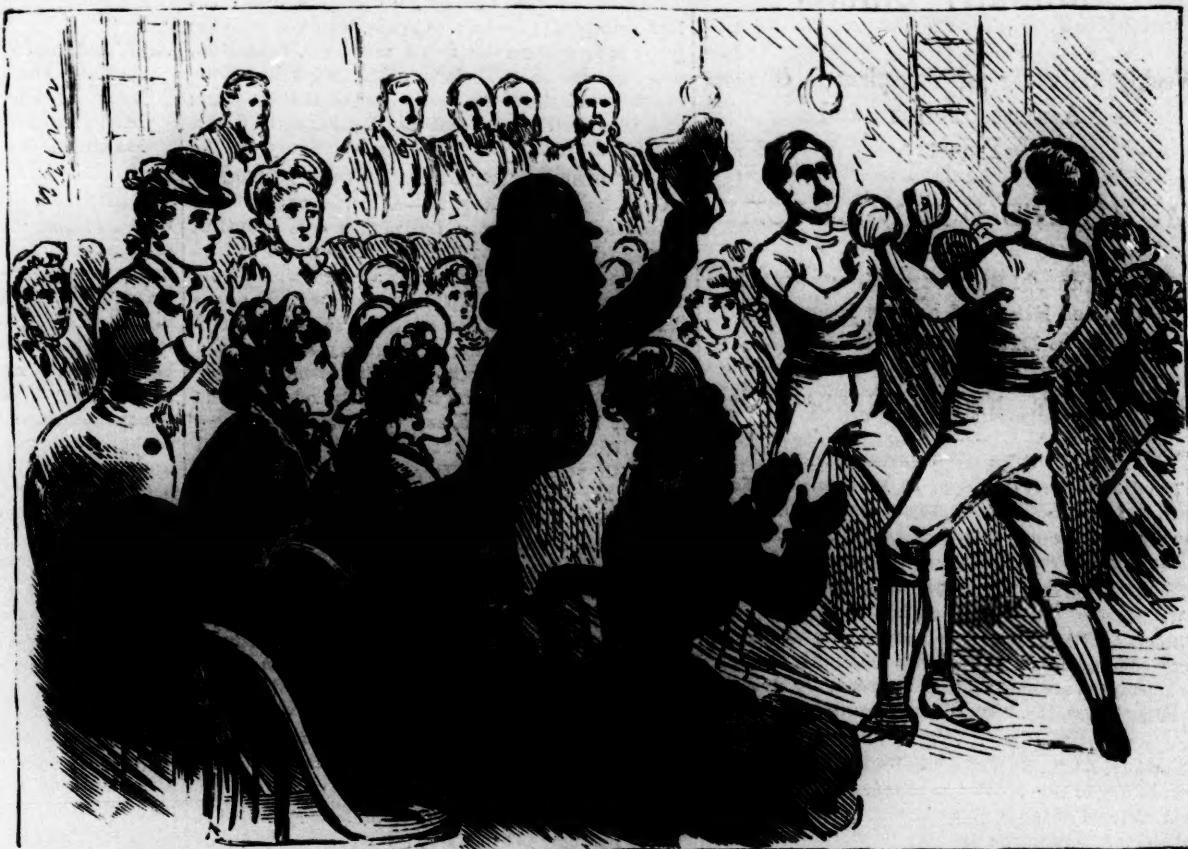
ROMANCE ENDED IN FARCE—MR. CHARLES ELLIS AND MISS MANNINGMENT WHICH IS FRUSTRATED BY AN UNLUCKY COMBINATION OF THE BUGGY AND THE APPEARANCE OF THE PATERNAL RICHARDS



EXPERIENCE IN HIS AUGER LABOR OF CLEANING OUT ONE
HICKED CITY—SEE PAGE 8.



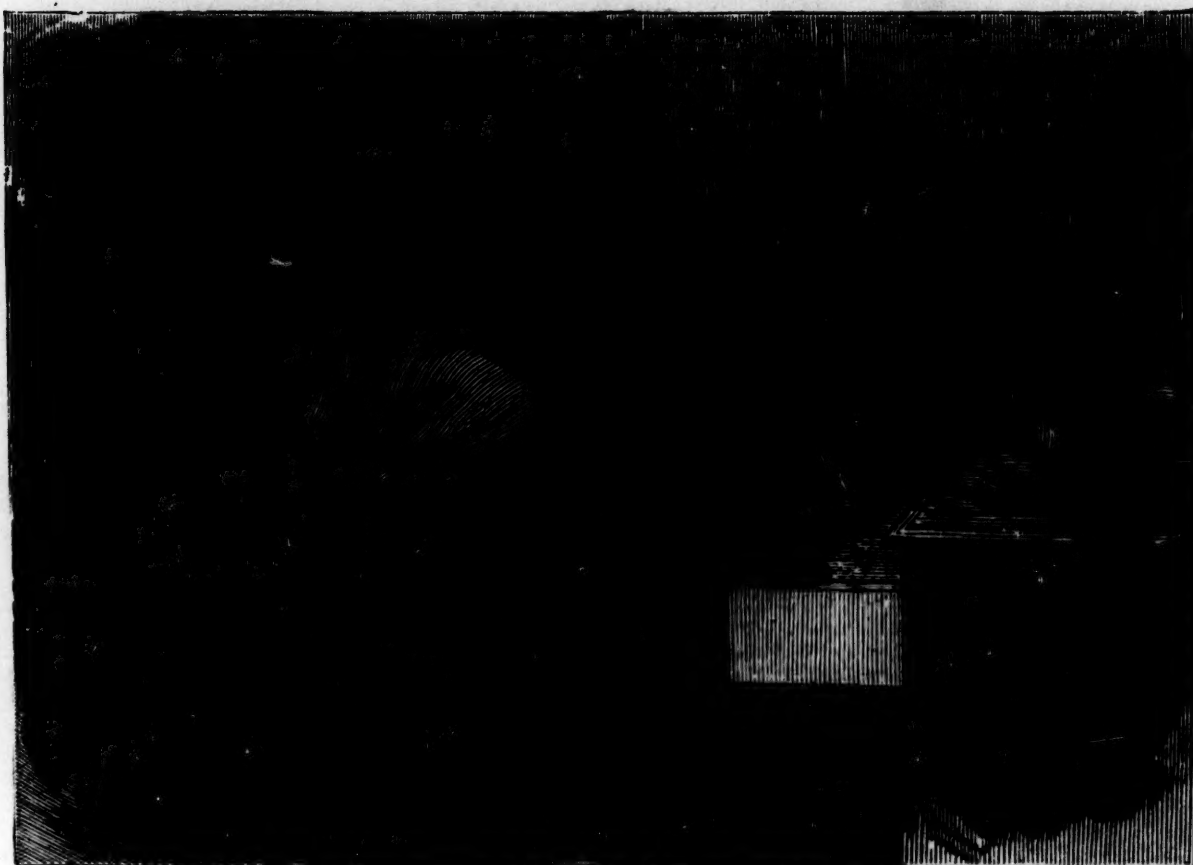
ATTEMPT TO EVADE THE PARENTAL OPPOSITION BY AN ELOPE-
IN THE RUNAWAY OF THE HORSE, THE BREAK-DOWN OF
GUN; REIDSVILLE, N. C.—SEE PAGE 7



FAIR ONES' SMILES FOR FISTIC SHARPS—ENTHUSIASM OF LADY GUESTS OVER THE
SCIENTIFIC SET-TO BETWEEN BILLY EDWARDS AND ARTHUR CHAMBERS, AT THE
RACKET COURT CLUB RECEPTION; NEW YORK CITY.—SEE PAGE 13



A LAWYER'S GAME OF ALL-FOURS—COL. J. C. COFFMAN, COUNSEL FOR YOUNG, THE
LYNCHED MURDERER, GETS UP A NOVEL STREET SCENE WHILE ON A WILD HUR-
RAH IN KAHOKA, MO.—SEE PAGE 2.



AN INFORMAL CALL—MRS. ELLIOTT EAGER AROUSED BY TWO MIDNIGHT VISITORS
WHO MAKE THEMSELVES AT HOME WITHOUT INVITATION; JERSEY CITY, N. J.—
SEE PAGE 4.

CURRENT CRIME.

Weekly Calendar of Conspicuous Offenses
Against Person and
Property.

MURDER'S UGLY RECORD.

A Fatal Quarrel Between Friends and Two
Families Blighted as the Result of
a Drunken Frolic.

THE LATEST NEGRO FIENDISHNESS.

THE MURDER OF SOLDIER KOPP.

The death of Private Kopp, at Fort Adams, Newport, R. I., has been thoroughly investigated, and all the evidence, some of which incriminates Corporal Nicholson, has been forwarded to General Hancock.

THEIR NECKS IN DANGER.

WILMINGTON, Del., Nov. 23.—Three young men, William Austin, Enoch Rash and Thomas Flanagan, were committed to jail, without bail, this evening, for attempted arson early this morning, by firing a dwelling house, the offence being a capital one.

ANOTHER HIGH-TONED DEFAULTER.

DETROIT, Mich., Nov. 23.—The United States Court Grand Jury in this district have indicted O. F. Lockhead, Colonel of the First Regiment, Michigan State Troops, for embezzling the funds of the First National Bank of Flint, of which he was cashier.

A DRUNKARD'S BLOODY RETALIATION.

GENEVA, Ind., Nov. 23.—As Frederick Stanley was going along the street last night intoxicated, Albert Bryan, son of a prominent citizen, with some other young men, began teasing him. Stanley turned on them and plunged a knife between Bryan's ribs, cutting him so badly that he died in a short time. Stanley was arrested.

TWO RIVAL BULLIES' CLAIMS.

RICHMOND, Ind., Nov. 23.—Two friends named Manfred Wallingford and Theodore Fisher, visited a concert near Middleboro, Wayne county, last night. Both were drunk, and each claimed to be the bully of the neighborhood. When near Mount Vernon Church, Wallingford shot Fisher in the abdomen with probably fatal results. No steps were taken by the local authorities to arrest Wallingford.

A RANCHMAN'S FATAL ARGUMENT.

EUREKA, Nev., Nov. 23.—On Friday afternoon John Chamberlain, who was in possession of a wood ranch thirty miles south from this town, was attacked by Robert Brown, who claimed the property, supported by two other men all armed with repeating rifles. Chamberlain's thigh was broken at the first discharge but he maintained the fight on his knees with a six-shooter and two shot-guns, killing Brown and at the same moment falling dead himself.

A DEPUTY SHERIFF MYSTERIOUSLY STABBED.

PATRICK HYNES, a deputy sheriff, residing at 124 South street, was walking through Cherry street in company with a friend at 11 o'clock on the night of the 23d, when he was attacked by an unknown man, who plunged a knife into his neck, just back of the right ear. The would-be assassin then made his escape and Hynes was taken to the Chambers Street Hospital. He is unable to suggest the motive that prompted the deed, nor is there any clue by which the perpetrator can be traced.

A LAWYER'S MURDEROUS REJOINDER.

ASHLAND, O., Nov. 23.—Tobias Crone, an old farmer, living at Hayesville, was fatally shot by a lawyer, named W. F. Rudy, last night. Rudy was accused by Crone of making improper advances to the latter's daughter, and had been invited to his house to make an explanation. Crone was not satisfied with the interview and ordered his two sons to put Rudy out of the house. They attempted to do so, and in the affray which ensued Rudy drew a revolver and fired, the ball entering Crone's abdomen, producing a fatal wound. Rudy was at once arrested.

A DROVER ROBBED AND MURDERED.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Nov. 20.—At a quarter to 12 o'clock to-night a cattle drover named George Heimann, was found on Grant street, where he had fallen some time previously. An examination revealed a contusion on the back of the head and also that the sight of one eye had been nearly destroyed. He was taken to the Central station house in a dying condition. Every effort was made to induce him to talk, but without avail, owing to his weak condition. All that is known about him at present is that he came here from Chicago, where he disposed of a lot of cattle, for which he received \$1,400. This money was missing when he was searched at the station house; but he was known to have had it early in the evening. He was accompanied to this city by an employee, whose name is unknown here, and who has not been seen since a short time before Heimann was found in the street. The supposition is that this man assaulted his employer, robbed him of the \$1,400, and fled. The police are looking for him in all directions.

CAPTURE OF A NOTED TRAIN ROBBER.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Nov. 23.—Allen Farmer, brother-in-law of the notorious James Coys, and a hardened criminal, reached this city to-day, heavily ironed, from Texas, where he was captured about a week ago. Farmer, it is known, was in the gang of robbers who stopped and plundered an express train on the Chicago and Alton railroad near Glendale, Mo., Oct. 8th, but escaped immediately afterward to the Indian Territory. He was the only one of a party of sixteen recognized on the night of the robbery. He entered the express car with a revolver in each hand and demanded of the messenger the keys of the safe. When the request was refused he knocked the man down with the butt of one of his pistols and took the keys from him. From the safe he secured about \$16,000.

He was captured near Sherman, Grayson county, Texas, and brought here by four officers under the lead of Sheriff Everhart, of Texas, who was with the posse of men when the noted murderer, Sam Bass, was captured and the balance of the gang killed. During the war Palmer was a member of the Anderson and Quantrell bands, and has been charged with a dozen murders.

HORRIBLE CRIME OF A FIENDISH BLACK.

GOLDSBORO, N. C., Nov. 22.—A brutal outrage was committed to-day upon the person of a beautiful young lady, living near Kinston. Miss Sarah A. Leggett was met on the highway by a negro named Solomon White, alias Henry White, and raped. It seems that Miss Leggett had just left home to meet a neighbor. As she was passing through a piece of woods she was met by White, who made an infamous proposition to her, which she indignantly rejected, and told the brute to leave her. She started off very much frightened. The negro said: "You ain't going till you do what I ask you." With that he caught her by the wrist. She made a desperate struggle with the scoundrel, but he succeeded in accomplishing his design. She was terribly bruised in the struggle. He left her lying in the wood, and told her he would kill her if she said anything about the affair. As soon as she could drag herself to a neighbor's house, she told her story. A body of farmers went out, and from her description of the man soon found White. He was brought before Miss Leggett, and she at once identified him. With great difficulty he was gotten to the jail at Kinston. The people made open threats of lynching him.

THE MISERY ONE SPREE CAUSED.

GALLIAPOLIS, O., Nov. 2.—William Lane, who shot Joshua Brothers October 4th, was convicted to-day of murder in the second degree, and sentenced to imprisonment during his natural life. Lane is a young man, just on the threshold of manhood. He and Brothers were companions, and on the day of the murder had been drinking together. Lane invited Brothers to supper with him, and he went. While supper was being prepared by Lane's sister (his mother is dead), a woman named Lome Collins, on intimate terms with Brothers for some time, came to Lane's and endeavored to get Brothers, who was pretty drunk, to go home with her. She was ordered away by Lane, which led to an altercation between the men. The woman went away, however, accompanied by Brothers, who maintained that he was no better than she, and was considerably angered at the woman being ordered away. Soon after leaving Lane's, Brothers left the woman, turned a corner near by, and stopped. In a few minutes Lane followed the same way to a grocery. Brothers, seeing Lane, advanced on him with uplifted hands, and, after Lane retreated a few steps, they both clinched. Brothers was the larger man of the two, and Lane drew a large revolver and shot him through the abdomen. Brothers lingered in great agony, dying the following night. Before he died he endeavored to cut his throat with his pocket-knife, his sufferings were so great.

A Lively Fight with Graveyard Ghouls.

DELAWARE, Nov. 21.—Last night Dr. John Neil, Pat Hannahan and George Corwin, all citizens of this place, were caught in the act of stealing the body of S. B. Norris, a colored man, who died in London, O., of typhoid fever, and was buried here on Friday last. Neil had been suspected of robbing graves, and some time ago Marshal Owtson employed George Corwin to sound him upon the subject.

Neil soon entered into negotiations with Corwin to assist him in getting a half dozen bodies for a Columbus College. Last night was the opening of the season. Shortly after dark Corwin notified the Marshal that operations were to be commenced in the old graveyard, situated on Henry street, opposite the college. Policemen Griffin, English, Engard and Wisner were notified by the Marshal of the situation. About 1 o'clock the robbers were surprised at their work. In the game that ensued all parties took a hand, in which clubs and spades were trumps, while revolvers were flourished and fired, but, strange to relate, no one was hit, although some twenty shots were fired, of which Neil fired six.

Neil was the luckiest of the three, emptying his revolver point blank at Officer Griffin, who pursued Neil, firing as he went. By the time all his ammunition was expended they had reached the east side of the college fence, and here a desperate hand-to-hand conflict ensued, as the blood on the fence and condition of the ground fully attest. Neil was on one side of the fence and the officer on the other, striking each other with the butt ends of their revolvers, which proved very effectual at short range, as a careful invoice this morning shows several severe cuts on the officer's head, and Neil's face looks as though it had passed through a sausage-cutter. By the time he had been knocked down once or twice reinforcements arrived, and he was hustled off to jail in company with the other two.

A Wretch's Appropriate Punishment.

WILMINGTON, Del., Nov. 22.—Henry Brannon, who was indicted and arraigned at this term of the New castle court for outrage committed on the 26th of July last upon the person of Martha Morris aged seven years, the daughter of a farmer of this county, was re-arrested this afternoon and permitted to withdraw his plea of not guilty and to plead guilty to assault. This course was adopted—first, because of the extreme youth and timidity of the prosecuting witness; and, second, because, while there is no doubt of the attempt, there is, according to the opinion of the physicians, some question as to whether the foul deed was consummated. The crime was a most aggravated one at the best, the child being inoculated with a loathsome disease, and, notwithstanding the usual custom in this court when a plea of guilty is allowed, the full penalty of the law was passed upon the prisoner, viz.:—Ten years imprisonment, thirty lashes on the back, one hour in the pillory, and \$500 fine.

THE STRIFE OF THE SWANNS.

A Washington Society Scandal Concerning the Incompatibilities in the Household of the Venerable ex-Governor of Maryland and His Separation From His Dashing Young Wife.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 16.—The announcement of the separation of ex-Governor Swann, of Maryland, a millionaire, and who represented the city of Baltimore in Congress for several terms, from his wife, whom he married but little over a year ago, at her home at Princeton, N. J., has caused much stir in social as well as political circles, especially as the Governor has long had a magnificent home in this city, where he entertained in princely style. Mrs. Swann was conspicuous in society more than twenty years ago as the wife of Senator Thompson, of New Jersey. The prominence of both parties has therefore afforded a bounteous supply of material for gossip. A lady distinguished in social circles here, who was a noted beauty at the time of Mrs. Thompson's reign in society, from 1855 to 1860, says that the couple afforded considerable amusement on account of the disparity of their ages and the naturally ludicrous situations which resulted from such

AN INCONGRUOUS UNION.

The senator was a gouty old man of sixty years and upwards, and during a long career of fashionable life had partaken of many fine dinners, washed down with old Madeira and sherry. He therefore was in little condition to meet all the social requirements of his young and active wife, she, when he married her, being a young and blooming girl of twenty. She is remembered here as a beautiful blonde, with large blue eyes and magnificent tresses, whose charming manners and exquisite toilets attracted scores of admirers from both political and diplomatic circles. Notwithstanding the disparity in their ages and tastes, it is stated that they lived most happily together, as the senator usually passed his time at the card-table with a few choice spirits, while she was the queen of the drawing-room.

It is also stated, with considerable amusement, that along towards midnight the senator, feeling the necessity of repose for his aching bones, would sally into the drawing-room, and after a brief parley persuade the youthful sharer of his joys to consent to

RETIRE FROM THE SCENE OF GAYETY.

They would leave the room together, but would almost invariably reappear in a few moments, she having obtained the senator's consent for one more round in the giddy mazes of the dance, while he would accompany her to the door of the drawing-room, and there stand with his arms piled with her ermine trimmed wraps. There he would stand until the "wee sma' hours," patiently awaiting her return and when rallied with the remarks of his friends, "Senator, are you ready to go?" with his huge frame shaking with laughter and a merry twinkle in his eye, he would reply: "Yes, but it is a hard matter to get these young people to abandon the fascinations of the dance."

The death of the senator terminated for the nonce her brilliant career in Washington, and she retired to Princeton, N. J., his late home, on a competency which he had left her. Here, for many years past, her chief social amusement has been the entertaining of a few of the students of Princeton College. On the election of Representative Randall to the Speakership of the House, Mrs. Thompson returned to this city, she being the sister of Mrs. Randall and the daughter of General Aaron Ward. She occupied palatial quarters in the vicinity of ex-Governor Swann's residence, and her maid living in sumptuous style in the house formerly occupied by Mr. Fish when Secretary of State. During her residence here she frequently met ex-Governor Swann, who was a warm personal friend of Speaker Randall, and it was not long before it was announced that the venerable ex-Governor had offered his hand and fortune to

THE BLUSHING WIDOW.

Their marriage soon followed, the bride being given away by Speaker Randall and the distinguished party left for Princeton in a special parlor car. After passing the summer at the ex-Governor's seaside villa at Newport they returned to Washington.

Mrs. Swann, remembering her social achievements a quarter of a century before, and not having outgrown her fondness for society, and desiring to renew with even more gorgeousness her relations with the distinguished statesmen, diplomat and military and naval officers, induced the ex-Governor to consent to a most elaborate system of entertainments, and to that end his then palatial residence in this city was extended to meet the requirements of this, for him, new departure. A magnificent salon and dining-room were added, and the entire building was subjected to a most elaborate renovation in the way of decorations and works of art. This was accomplished, and the residence of the venerable ex-Governor of Maryland was regarded as one of the most elegant mansions in the city.

The season of entertainments began, and their residence was often the scene of a brilliant assemblage of the most distinguished people at the capital.

No reason has been assigned for the separation other than that ex-Governor Swann was opposed to this style of living and had

ENTERED SERIOUS OBJECTION TO IT.

This check did not please her ladyship, and it was soon discovered that a coolness existed between them, which the friends and relatives of the ex-Governor took no steps to interfere with, simply maintaining a neutral position and allowing matters to take their course. Subsequently Mrs. Swann took her departure for Princeton, and the ex-Governor left for Baltimore with Mrs. Dr. Carter and her husband, a gentleman of fine presence and elegant manner, and the accomplished widow of his only son. Last summer, instead of going to Newport they spent the season with Dr. Carter at his country residence in Maryland. The ex-Governor has now again returned to this city, and is again seen with his elegant turnout bowling along

the avenues and drives of the capital, while his wife remains domiciled at her residence in Princeton. Mrs. Dr. Carter and young Mrs. Swann will dispense the elegant hospitality of the ex-Governor's home during the coming winter in a manner more in consonance with the aged statesman's wishes than was the case last season.

SAT HIM DOWN HARD.

How a Newly Elected Backwoods Congressman Whose Head Had Been Swelled By the Honor Had the Frills Taken Out of Him at the Capital.

He was a shrewd, white-headed old gentleman tourist who sat sipping a lemonade in Baldwin's bar-room the other day, says the San Francisco Post, and who remarked, as a self-important-looking individual came in and haughtily ordered a whisky straight:

"Now, I s'pose that gentleman is one of your bonanza fellows, and owns about two-thirds of the real estate around here."

"No," was the reply, "he's a much greater personage. He is one of the successful candidates of the late election."

"I might have known it!" said the old gentleman, emphatically. "He acts just as I did when I was elected to Congress."

"How was that?"

"Well, you see, I was elected M. C. from the fourth district just after the war. We had a pretty lively campaign of it, and, as I had never been in politics afore, I somehow got the idea that the whole country had quit work and was watching my contest with quivering anxiety. Every time the other side accused me of being a chicken thief, or a bigamist, or something, I'd get back at them with a card in the Redville Warshop headed 'Another Lie Nailed!' and I'd send a marked copy to every leading paper in the country."

"Did, eh?"

"Yes, and I was disgusted to find they

NEVER PAID THE SLIGHTEST ATTENTION TO ME.

What surprised me more was that, although I kept the President and cabinet advised of everything that occurred, I never got the slightest sympathy from any of them. I was an administration man, too, and I thought it was blamed singular."

"Didn't notice you at all?"

"Not at all, sir, and when I was elected, and the boys lighted a bonfire in the main street and serenaded me, and I spoke six hours in the open air as to my future course on the tariff and the finances, the New York papers merely said that 'a Mr. Gunn had been elected by a small majority,' my name being Gonley, as you know."

"That was hard."

"Well, I put that all down to envy and malice, and I started for Washington. I expected that at least the Speaker of the House and a committee appointed by the Senate would be down to the depot to welcome me to the capital."

"Did they do so?"

"The only persons that met me were a committee of hackmen, who tore my overcoat half off, rammed me into a hack and robbed me, with the aid and assistance of the hotel clerk, who then gave me a dark room on the top floor, and asked the first week's board in advance; said it was

"THE RULE OF THE HOUSE WITH ARKANSAS MEMBERS."

"The impudent rascal!"

"That's what I thought. Well, the next morning I got away from the bed-bugs as well as I could and went up to the White House to see if the President would like to stroll down to the House to introduce me and see me sworn in. I sent up my card, and in an hour or two some secretary or other sent back word that the President was at breakfast and couldn't be bothered."

"That was pretty short, wasn't it?"

"Well, I was dumfounded. However, I went down to the capitol and told the sergeant-at-arms to go in and announce to the members that I had arrived. He grinned and said: 'That's devilish good—that is!' and rushed off. I expected that, of course, the members would come crowding up to congratulate me and say something like 'Magnificent speech of yours, that last one, Gonley. Beat 'em by forty-eight votes, too, old fellow.' And then maybe they'd give me three cheers, and all that sort of thing."

"And did they?"

"No, sir. I hope I may never stir if they didn't give me a back seat in the cloak-room until my name was called, and a doorkeeper fired me out into the corridor twice

UNDER THE IMPRESSION THAT I WAS A LOBBYIST.

Well, after I had been put on the joint committee on spittoons and window washing, and spent a couple of months trying to wedge in my gr at four-hours speech on the match tax, something occurred that let down my check-rein and took all the frills out of me for good."

"What was that?"

"Well, I was taking a drive out to the Soldiers' Home one afternoon, with three other members, when a light buggy went by like a streak of greased lightning, the trotter driven by a solemn-looking man in a rusty plug hat, who was smoking a cigar and steadying a small terrier on the seat with his elbow."

"That's Butcher Boy," said one of my companions, with great interest; "trots in 20. He's a rattling good stepper, bet your life."

"Did you notice that dog?" said another. "Best bred pup in town; tail no bigger than a rat's; infernal fine dog, that."

"As I had nothing else to say, I casually inquired who the driver was."

"Why, that's the President," said one of them, with a yawn. "By Jove, how I'd like to have one of those pups!"

"That settled it. I've been as meek and sad as a car-horse pulling a picnic ever since."

James Gibner, Sr., a well known citizen of Cincinnati, committed suicide in his cellar on the 25th, by strangulation.

CAREER OF A CROOK.

Curious Revelation of a Hidden Phase of Human Life Typical of Thousands of the Criminal Classes at Home and Abroad.

BIOGRAPHY OF A THIEF.

Given in Unreserved Confidence to His Chaplain By a Disgusted Member of the Fraternity While Doing Time.

SOME HINTS FOR HUMANITARIANS.

The following curious autobiography of a famous London criminal is vouched for as authentic and true by Rev. J. W. Horsley, chaplain of Clerkenwell prison, England, who declares that he has had numerous opportunities of testing its truth during eighteen months' acquaintance with the writer. The reverend gentleman, in making it public, has acted as interpreter where portions of the matter would be as an unknown tongue to the public at large. As depicting a typical career that might be that of hundreds in East London, as Mr. Horsley says of it, and doubtless of hundreds in the great cities on this side of the ocean as well, it presents a curious as well as interesting phase of human life to the general reader:

I was born in 1863, at Stamford Hill, Middlesex. My parents removed from there to Stoke Newington, when I was sent to an infant school. Some time afterward I was taken by two pals (companions) to an orchard to oop (steal) some fruit, me being a mug (inexperienced) at the game. This got to my father's ears; when I went home he set about me with a strap until he was tired. He thought that was not enough, but tied me to a bedstead—you may be sure what followed. I got loose, tied a blanket and counterpane together, fastened it to the bedstead and let myself out of the window, and did not go home that night, but met my two pals and doosed (slept) in a haystack. Early the next morning my pals said they knew where we could get some toke (food), and took me to a terrace. We went down the dancers (steps) to a safe, and cleared it out. Two or three days after I met my mother, who in tears begged of me to go home, so I went home. My parents moved to Clapton. When they sent me to school, my pals used to send stiffs (notes) to the schoolmaster, saying that I was wanted at home; but instead of that we used to go and smug (steal) linen that was hung out to dry, or rob the baker's barrows. Things went from bad to worse, so I was

OBLIGED TO LEAVE HOME AGAIN.

This time I palled in with some older hands at the game, who used to take me a parlor-jumping (robbing rooms), putting me in where the windows were open. I used to take anything there was to steal, and at last they told me all about wedge (silver-plate); how I should know it by the ramp (hall-mark—rampant lion?). We used to break it up in small pieces and sell it to watch-makers and afterward to a fence (buyer of stolen goods) down the lane (Petticoat lane).

At last one day we was at St. John's Wood. I went in after some wedge. While picking some up off the table, I frightened a cat, which upset a lot of plates when jumping out of the window. So I was taken and tried at Marylebone police court, and sent to Feltham Industrial school. I had not been there a month before I planned with another boy to guy (run away), and so we did, but was stopped at Brentford and took back to the school, for which we got twelve strokes with the birch. I thought when I first went there that I knew a great deal about thieving, but I found there was some there that knew more, and I used to pal in with those that knew the most. One day while talking with a boy, he told me he was going home in a day or so. He said his friends were going to claim him out because he was more than sixteen years old. When my friends came to see me, I told them that they could claim me out, and, with a good many fair promises that I would lead a new life if they did so,

THEY GOT ME OUT OF THE SCHOOL.

When I got home I found a great change in my father, who had taken to drink, and he did not take so much notice of what I done as he used. I went on all straight the first few moons (months) costering. One day there was a fete at Clapton, and I was coming home with my kipsy (basket); I had just sold all my goods out. I just stopped to pipe (see) what was going on, when a peeler came up to me and rapped (said): "Now, —, you had better guy, or else I shall give you a drag (three months in prison)." So I said all right, but he rapped, "It isn't all right. I don't want any sauce from you, or else I shall set about (beat) you myself." So I said: "What for? I have done nothing; do you want to get it up for me?" Then he began to push me about, so I said I would not go at all if he put his dukes (hands) on me. Then he rammed my nut (head) against the wall, and shook the very life out of me. This got a scuff (crowd) around us, and the people ask him what he was knocking me about for. So he said: "This is young — just come home from a schooling (a term in a reformatory)." So he did not touch me again; so I went home, turned into kip (bed), and could not get up for two or three days, because he had given me such a shaking, him being a great powerful man, and me only a little fellow. I still went on all straight until things got very dear at the market. I had been down three or four days running, and could not buy anything to earn a deaner (shilling) out of. So one morning I found I did not have more than a easier (5s.) for stock-pieces (stock money). So I thought to myself, what shall I do? I said: "I know what I will do. I will go to London bridge rattler (railway), and take a deaner ride and go a wedge-

hunting (stealing plate)." So I took a ducat (ticket) for Sutton in Surrey, and

WENT A WEDGE-HUNTING.

I had not been at Sutton very long before I piped a slavey (servant) come out of a chat (house); so, when she had got a little way up the double (turning), I pratted (went) in the house. When inside I could not see any wedge laying about in the kitchen, so I screwed my nut into the wash-house, and I piped three or four pair of daisy-roots (boots). So I claimed (stole) them, and took off the lid of my kipsy and put them inside, put a cloth over them, and then put the lid on again, put the kipsy on my back as though it was empty, and guyed to the rattler and took a brief (ticket) to London bridge, and took the daisies to a sheeney (Jew) down the gaff, and done them for thirty blow (shillings). The next day I took the rattler to Forest Hill, and touched for (succeeded in getting) some wedge and a kipsy full of clobber (clothes). You may be sure this gave me a little pluck, so I kept on at the old game, only with this difference, that I got more pieces (money) for the wedge. I got three and a sprat (3s. 6d.) an ounce. But afterward I got 3s. 9d., and then four blow. I got in company with some of the widest (cleverest) people in London. They used to use at (frequent) a pub in Shoreditch. The following people used to go in there—toy-getters (watch stealers), magsmen (confidence-trick men), men at the mace (sham loan offices), broadsmen (card-sharpers), peter-claimers (box-stealers), busters and screwmen (burglars), snide-pitchers (utterers of false coin), men at the duff (passing false jewelry), welshers (turf-swindlers), and skittle sharps. Being with this nice mob (gang), you may

BE SURE WHAT I LEARNED.

One day I was at Blackheath. I got very near canon (drunk), and when I went into a place I claimed two wedge spoons, and was just going up the dancers, a slavey piped the spoons sticking out of my sky-rocket (pocket); so I got smugged. While at the station they asked me what was my monarch (name). A reeler came to the cell and cross-kidded (questioned) me, but I was too wide for him. I was tried at Greenwich. They asked the reeler if I was known, and he said no. So I was sent to Maidstone Str (prison) for two moon. The mob got up a break (collection), and I got between five or six foot (sovereigns); so I did not go out at the game for about a moon.

One day I went to Croydon and touched for a red toy (gold watch) and red tackle (gold chain), with a large locket. I took the rattler home at once. When I got into Shoreditch I met one or two of the mob, who said, "Hallo! Been out to-day? Did you touch?" So I said, "Usher" (yes). So I took them in, and we all got canon. When I went to the fence he bested (cheated) me because I was drunk, and only gave me £8 10s. for the lot. So the next day I went to him and asked him if he wasn't going to grease my duke (put money into my hand). So he said, "No." Then he said, "I will give you another half-a-quad; and said, "Do anybody, but mind they don't do you." So I thought to myself, "All right, my lad."

"YOU WILL FIND ME AS GOOD AS MY MASTER."

Some time after that affair with the fence, one of the mob said to me, "I have got a place cut and dried; and will you come and do it?" So I said, "Yes; what tools do you want?" And he said, "We shall want some twirls and the stick (crowbar), and bring a neddle (life-preserver) with you." And he said, "Now don't stick me up (disappoint); meet me at 6 to-night?" At 6 I was at the meet (trysting-place), and while waiting for my pal I had my daisies cleaned, and I piped the fence that bested me go along with his old woman (wife) and his two kids (children); so I thought of his own words, "Do anybody, but mind they don't do you." He was going to the Surrey theatre; so when my pal came up I told him all about it. So we went and screwed (broke into) his place, and got thirty-two quid and a toy and tackle which he had bought on the crook (dishonest-ly). We did not go and do the other place after that. About two moon after this the same fence fell for buying two fanns (£5 notes), for which

HE GOT A STRETCH AND A HALF.

One day I got stabbed in the chest by a pal of mine who had done a schooling. We was out with one another all the day getting drunk, so he took a liberty with me and I landed him one on the conk (nose), so we had a fight and he put the chive (knife) into me. This made me sober, so I asked him what made him such a coward. He said, "I meant to kill you; let me go and kiss my wife and child and then hang me." But I did not do that. This made me a little thoughtful of the sort of life I was carrying on. I thought, "What if I should have been killed then?" But this, like other things, soon passed away.

Some time after I met the fence who I done; so he said to me, "We have met at last." So I said, "Well, what of that?" So he said, "What did you want to do me for?" So I said, "You must remember you done me, and when I spoke to you about it you said, 'Do anybody, but mind they don't do you.'"

THAT SHUT HIM UP.

One day I took the rattler from Broad street to Acton. I did not touch there, but worked my way to Shepherd Bush; but when I got there I found it so hot (dangerous), because there had been so many tykes (dogs) poisoned, that there was a reeler at almost every double, and bills posted up about it. So I went to the Uxbridge road station, and while I was waiting for the rattler I took a religious tract and on it was written, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" So I thought to myself, what good has the money done me what I have had? So instead of getting out at Brondesbury I rode on to Broad street and paid the difference, and went home and did not go out for about a week.

The Sunday following, when I went to Uxbridge road, I went down a lane called Mount Pleasant, at Clapton; it was about 6 o'clock. Down at the bottom of the lane you could get a fine view of Walthamstow; so while I was leaning against the rails I felt miserable. I was thinking about when I was at Feltham. I thought I had thrown away the only chance of

doing better, and as I stood thinking the bells of St. Matthew's Church began to play a hymn, a tune I had heard at Feltham. This brought tears to my eyes; this was the first time in my life that

I THOUGHT WHAT A WRETCH I WAS.

I was going home every downcast when I met some pals, who said, "Why, what is the matter? you look miserable." So I said, "I don't feel very well." So said, "Are you going to have something to drink? That will liven you up." So I went in with them and began to drink very hard to drown my thoughts.

Monday morning I felt just the same as I always did; I felt ready for the old game again. So I went to Hoxton, and some of the mob said to me, "Why, where have you been the last week or so? We thought you had tell." So I told them I had been ill.

I will now tell you what happened the day before I fell for this stretch and a half. Me and the screwman went to Charlton. From there we worked our way to Blackheath. I went in a place and touched for some wedge which we done for three pounds ten. I went home and wrung myself (changed my clothes) and met some of the mob and got very near drunk. Next morning I got up about 7, and went home to change my clobber, and put on the old clobber to work with the kipsy. When I got home my mother asked me if I was not going to stop to have some breakfast? So I said, "No, I was in a hurry." I had promised to meet the screwman and didn't want to stick him up. We went to Willisden and found a dead "un, so I came out and asked my pal to lend me the James and some twirls and I went and turned it over. I could not find any wedge. I found a poge with nineteen shillings in it. I turned everything over, but could not find anything worth having, so I came out and

GAVE THE TOOLS TO MY PAL AND TOLD HIM.

So he said, "Wasn't there any clobber?" So I said, "Yes, there's cart-load." So he said, "Go and get a kipsy full of it and we will guy home." So I went back, and as I was going down the garden, the gardener it appears had been put there to watch the house; so he said, "What do you want here?" So I said, "Where do you speak to the servants?" So he said, "There is not any one at home; they are all out." So he said, "What do you want with them?" So I said, "Do you know if they have any bottles to sell, because the servant told me to call another day?" So he said, "I do not know; you had better call another time." So I said, "All right, and good day to him." I had hardly got outside when he came rushing out like a man baimy and said to me, "You must come back with me." So I said, "All right. What is the matter?" So when we got to the door he said, "How did you open this door?" So I said, "My good fellow, you are mad! how could I open it?" So he said, "It was not open half an hour ago, because I tried it." So I said, "Is that any reason why I should of opened it?" So he said, "At any rate you will have to come to the station with me."

The station was not a stone's throw from the place, so he caught hold of me, so I gave a twist and brought the kipsy in his face, and gave him a push and guyed. He followed, giving me hot beef (calling, "Stop thief"). My pal came along and I said to him, "Make this man leave me alone, he is knocking me about," and I put a half-James (half-sovereign) in his hand and said, "Guy." As I was running around a corner there was a reeler talking to a postman and I rushed by him, and a little while after the gardener came up and told him all about it. So he set after me and the postman too, all the three giving me hot beef. This set other people after me, and I got run out. So I got run in and was tried at Marylebone and remanded for a week, and then I lilled (fully committed for trial) and got this stretch and a half. Marylebone is the court I got my schooling from.

In the Clutches of a Villain.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 24.—Yesterday afternoon a couple of policemen brought to Ninth street station a rather pretty-looking young girl, who was evidently a stranger in the city, and whom they had found inquiring for Miss Florence's house of prostitution on Longworth street. Suspecting something wrong, they took her in, and, on being questioned at the station-house, she told a story which, if true, calls for immediate investigation by the authorities.

She says her name is Fanny Murphy; that she is seventeen years of age; that her home is in Butler, Ky., and that she has two married sisters living in this city. About two weeks ago, she says, she ran away from home with the intention of coming here to her sister's house. While in Newport she met a young man, to her unknown, who picked up an acquaintance with her, and on learning she was coming to this city, offered to escort her across. She accepted his offer, and he brought her over in the street cars, and they then started for the West End, where her sisters reside. While on the way, she says, he asked her to have a glass of lemonade, and she consented. He took her to a room in Lou Manning's house, up-stairs over Lou Robinson's saloon, and there, she claims, he accomplished her ruin, after having in some way rendered her helpless by dragging the lemonade. Ever since then, she says, she has been kept a close prisoner in the room by the Manning woman, the man who ruined her paying her board, and forcing her to yield to his desires. On Saturday, she says, she escaped, with the assistance of a girl in Miss Florence's, and, not caring to go to her relatives after what had occurred, she had intended taking up her residence at the latter place. Yesterday she went out for a walk, and being a stranger in the city, lost her way, and while inquiring for the Florence mansion, was arrested by the officers.

In Covington, Ky., John Freer, City Collector, is indicted for embezzlement, County Judge Philips for failing to keep official records, W. P. McLaughlin for official malfeasance and twenty-one saloon-keepers for keeping pool games without license.

CAN'T CONVICT.

Southern Gallantry Unable to Condemn the Fair Victim of a Betrayer Who Avenged Her Wrongs in the Blood of Her Seducer.

LUMBERTON, N. C., Nov. 21.—The trial of Miss Emma Linkhaw, who shot and killed J. E. Hartman, a Baltimore drummer, last August, was ended here to-day. The deceased had been engaged to Miss Linkhaw for two years or more preceding the tragedy, and several months before that occurrence, the deceased alleged, seduced her under a solemn promise of marriage, but refused to fulfill his pledges. A few days prior to the homicide Hartman came to Lumberton on business, and stopped at the Merchant's Hotel. The jilted girl, who was about to become a mother, called at the hotel one day during his stay, and asked for him. She was shown to the parlor, where Hartman soon after joined her. As he entered the door Miss Linkhaw advanced toward him and

HELD OUT HER HAND.

As the deceased reached out his to grasp her outstretched hand the girl drew a small Wesson pistol and fired, the ball striking the man in the stomach. After firing the girl said:

"You have ruined me; now I have ruined you, and you will never destroy the honor and happiness of another wretched woman."

Hartman's wound proved a fatal one, and he lingered only about eighteen hours, but denied with his last breath that he had ever wronged his slayer. The girl was arrested and placed in jail. In a few weeks after the homicide Miss Linkhaw gave birth in her cell to a sprightly boy, which those acquainted with all of the parties declared did not exhibit any resemblance to the man whom she had charged with its paternity. As both the deceased and the accused were highly connected the affair caused an intense excitement at the time of its occurrence. Miss Linkhaw is twenty-one years old, of slight build, soft, dark brown eyes and chestnut curls. She is the daughter of a prominent merchant of this county. Up to the time of the tragedy

SHE WAS A BEGGINING BELLE.

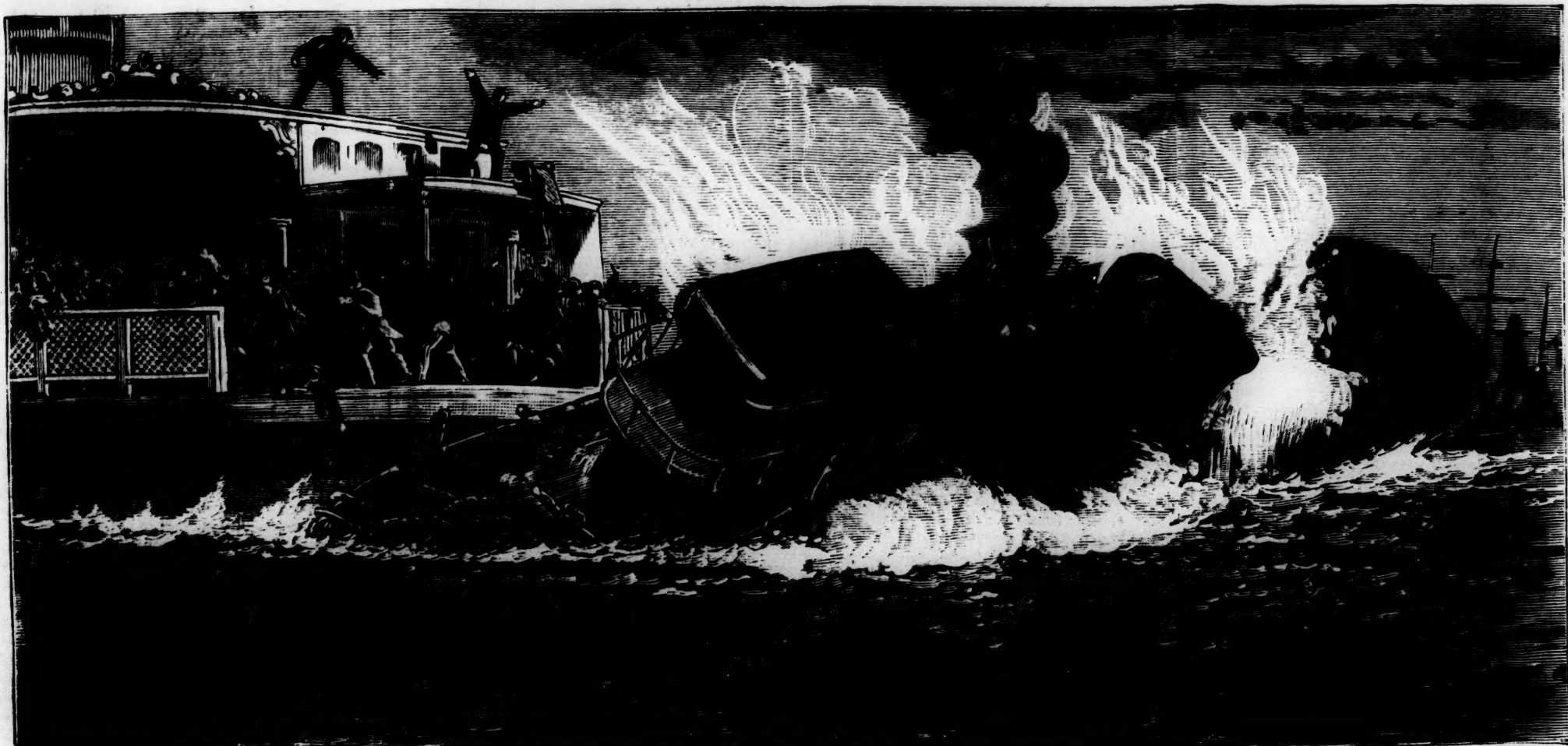
was a devout member of the Episcopal Church and a Sunday-school teacher. Her betrayer was the son of a well-known business man of Baltimore, young and popular. The trial was commenced last evening. The fair accused appeared in court, accompanied by her mother, a married sister and father, and took a seat near her counsel, six of the most eminent members of the North Carolina bar. She was heavily veiled, and appeared much broken, both in health and spirits. She refused to remove her veil, and kept her seat throughout the trial last night without uttering scarcely a word to anyone. There was little evidence to be adduced, as there was no witnesses to the shooting. The accused pleaded not guilty. She admitted soon after the shooting that she shot Hartman, and assigned her reasons for so doing. The argument for the defense relied entirely upon the gallantry of the jury for an acquittal on the grounds that the damnable wrong inflicted upon the girl by her betrayer justified her in shooting him. After the conclusion of the argument of the junior member of the defendant's counsel the court took a brief recess, and the jury were permitted to go out of the room in charge of the sheriff. Upon their return the trial came to an abrupt termination by the prosecuting attorney moving for a new trial, upon the grounds that one of the jury during the recess had conversed with some one about the subject of the trial. The motion was granted, and the new trial set for Monday. The town was crowded with strangers, many of whom came hundreds of miles to catch a glimpse of the fair prisoner.

Her Shelter for Shame.

ATLANTA, Ga., Nov. 21.—A suicide, the circumstances of which are peculiarly sad, occurred here to-day. Sallie Fenn, a handsome girl of 18, last July met Louis Schoenick, a young German of some means who paid her devoted attention, and in a few weeks they were engaged. Schoenick delayed marriage on various pretences, but in the meanwhile paid nocturnal visits to the girl's room. She continually pressed him to name the wedding day, but obstinately he postponed. Women with whom Sallie boarded suspected the state of affairs about a month ago, and forbid Schoenick to come to the house. He took this as sufficient cause to cease all communication with Sallie. She wrote pleading notes, which were unanswered. She told him of her condition, and begged him to marry and save her from disgrace and ruin. Finally she wrote him saying that she would kill herself if he did not marry her. This forenoon she was found in her room in the throes of death from a dose of morphine. All efforts to save her only protracted her miseries which death ended to-night. She left a note denouncing Schoenick as a villain, and begging some friend to horsewhip him. The full story of her ruin was told, and she concluded: "Death is so much sweeter than life that I must die." Schoenick was arrested to-day. He admits all the facts, but says he tried to marry her, but was afraid to go near her after he had been so sternly forbidden to do so. The case has created great feeling here, and indignation is strong against the seducer.

Going Through the Righteous.

To play their parts with effect at an entertainment in Simpson Methodist Church, Brooklyn, recently, several gentlemen put on curious costumes, leaving their coats, vests and overcoats in the dressing room in the basement of the church. Thieves broke in and stole what they could while the play went on. One gentleman is now very sorry that he left his \$150 watch and chain in his vest pocket. Another mourns the loss of \$30 in greenbacks. Another wishes that his part had been one in which the wearing of an overcoat was the correct thing, for the outer wrap he left in the basement is gone.



PERILS OF NEW YORK'S WATER HIGHWAY—COLLISION ON THE NORTH RIVER BETWEEN THE HOBOKEN FERRYBOAT SEACUCUS AND THE TUGBOAT SADIE ELLIS, RESULTING IN THE SINKING OF THE LATTER.—SEE PAGE 3.

Sad Sequence to a Buried Scandal.

The elopement of Miss Carrie Sickles, daughter of General Daniel E. Sickles, from Paris with a Southerner named McCarthy, says the *Pittsburg (Pa.) Telegraph*, has been given the public by cable despatches. General Sickles pursued the pair to London, where he had them arrested. The young lady is about twenty-five years of age, and is very accomplished. She has a superb figure and charming manners, and for a long time was a belle in this country.

The writer of this, while in Baltimore several years ago, was told a story about Miss Sickles by a school friend of hers, which is of pathetic interest just now. A little party had been given at the house of a lady in Baltimore, where the writer met Miss Sickles, and was struck by her quick-witted repartees and her readiness to chat about current topics of interest. Meeting a schoolmate of hers next day the writer alluded to this. "Oh, yes," was the reply; "she was gay enough then, poor child, but I think she is almost broken-hearted, notwithstanding her vivacity." A few questions brought out the whole sad story. General Sickles's first wife, the mother of his daughter, was connected in the famous scandal with Philip Barton Key, the District Attorney at Washington, D. C. Sickles shot Key in 1859 and killed him, was tried for his murder and was acquitted. His wife died shortly after, and before her daughter was old enough to understand the disgrace of it all. General Sickles, with jealous watchfulness, kept the facts connected with her mother's share in the tragedy a secret from his daughter, and she knew nothing about it until she was nearly nineteen. She was a sensitive, loving girl, and worshipped the memory of the mother whom she had been taught to love, and she frequently spoke of her to her friends. Miss Sickles went to school in Baltimore, and one day while reciting in class she had a slight quarrel with a girl from Washington. After school a number of girls were seated together, among them being Miss Sickles and the girl with whom she had quarrelled. Miss Sickles apologized for what she had said, but the other girl refused to be comforted, and finally grew very angry and began to taunt Miss Sickles about the terrible story of her mother's wrong-doing. Miss Sickles demanded an explanation, which was given, and the poor young lady almost lost her reason in the attack of illness which followed.

She left the school when she recovered her health, and soon afterward joined her father. It was said she acted very wildly toward him for keeping the story hidden from her, and reproached

him bitterly. The effect of the revelation was that Miss Sickles's manner and actions changed from what they had been before, and she began to worry her father by her apparent heartlessness and fondness for the excitement connected with the life of a belle in an American city like Washington.

In connection with this it is not out of place to say that the Keys, as a family, have not prospered since that occurrence in Washington. The son of Philip Barton Key (whose father wrote the "Star Spangled Banner") is now an actor, and, as "James Barton," he took part in the performances of the "Pullman

Palace Car Tourists," who were the first company to appear at the Opera House in this city this winter.

A Very Sensitive Man.

Leslie Hieronymus, of No. 302 West Thirty-seventh street, was taken to the Jefferson Market Police Court on the 22nd inst. by Captain Williams, who charged him with a murderous attempt upon Robert P. Carroll, of No. 388 Fourth avenue. On July 3, it appears, a number of gentlemen of sporting proclivities took a barouche at the Brower House to go for an air-

ing on the Boulevard. They were all ensconced in their places when Hieronymus appeared at the door of the vehicle and, opening it, demanded a place among them. Not a soul knew him, and they told him as much, intimating that his company was undesirable. Hieronymus seemed vastly amused at this, and said cajolingly:

"If any one here objects to me let me know it."

The occupants of the coach answered as one man that they objected to him.

"Oh, you do, do you?" said Hieronymus. "But perhaps there's some one that has more objections than the rest. Is there any one here that won't have my society?"

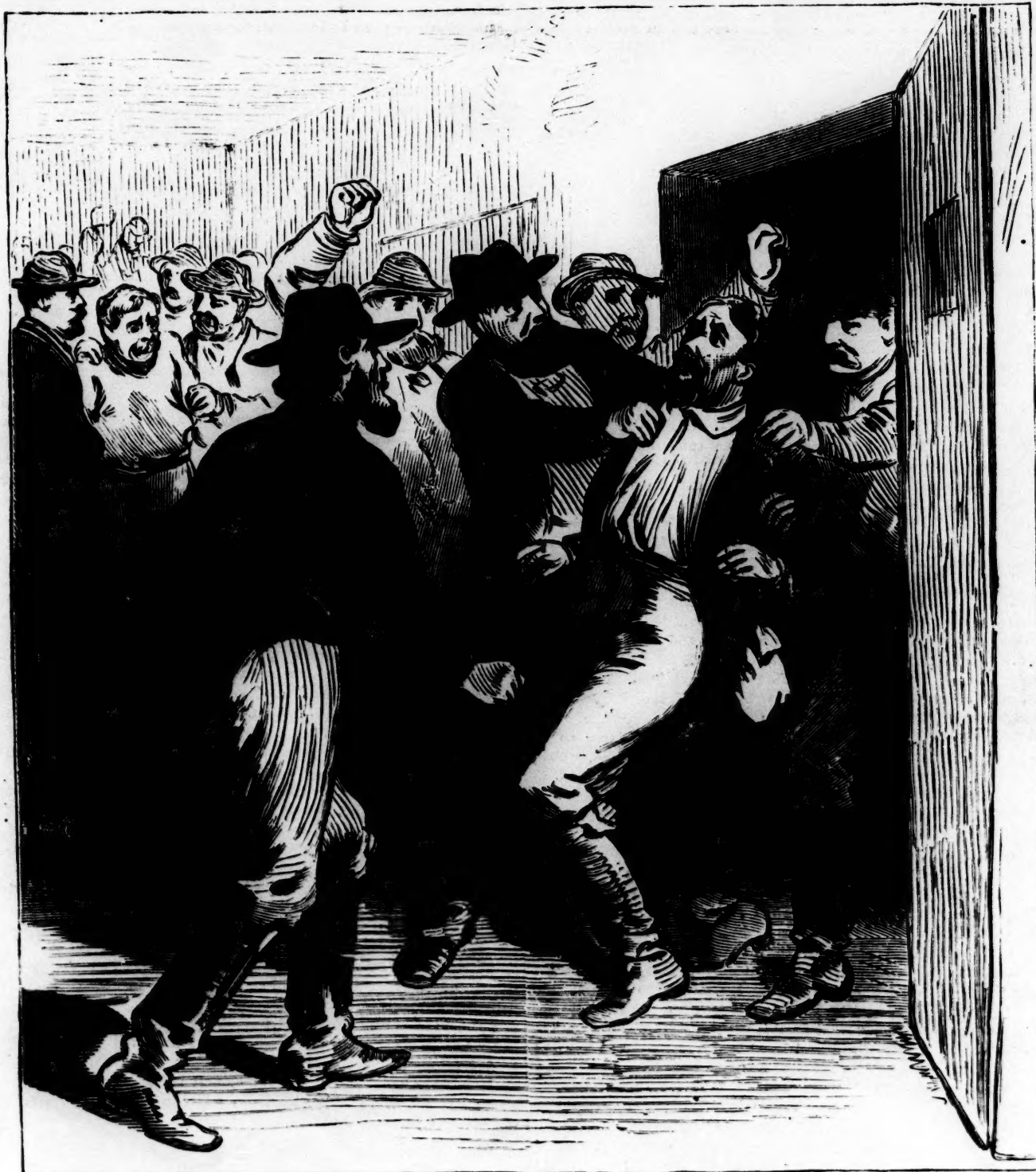
"I won't, for one," said Carroll, "as he spurned the other from the door and shut it after him. The carriage drove off, but that evening, when Carroll had returned and was walking up Sixth avenue, he heard a stealthy footstep behind him, and the next moment Hieronymus's hand descended on him with a knife in it and the blade cut deep into his abdomen. He was picked up and carried to his home, where, for a month, he lay in his bed in a very critical condition.

The assailant had fled, and the police, who had been notified of the attack, were balked in every effort to get upon his track. On Friday afternoon, 21st, however, Captain Williams came face to face with the man on Broadway, and at once put him under arrest. He seemed quite disconcerted when he was taken to court, and did not attempt to conceal his chagrin and regret. "I did it," he said to Justice Bixby when questioned about the offence; "I did it, and you may believe me, sir, I am sorry for it." He was committed for trial in default of \$2,000 bail.

Seduction at School.

VANDALLA, Ill., Nov. 20.—The High School of this city was thrown into a state of excitement to-day by a highly-respected pupil, whose name is withheld, swearing out a warrant for the arrest of one Perry Bullington, also a student of the same school, for seduction. Both had been attending school, and up to the present date nothing had been suspected as to their intimacy until his arrest to-day. The young man tried to crawl-fish, but, consulting an attorney, thought the surest way to compromise the matter would be to marry, which was the result of their loving not wisely, &c.

Howard L. Platt, the dentist, who was arrested in Brooklyn on a charge of having, in 1875, passed a forged check upon the Manhattan (N. J.) Bank, was surrendered on the 23d to a New Jersey officer upon a requisition from Governor McClellan.



A LEADVILLE LYNCHING—STEWART AND FRODSCHAM, TWO UNDESIRABLE RESIDENTS OF THE CLOUD CITY, TAKEN FROM THEIR CELLS BY A COMMITTEE OF CITIZENS AND SUMMARILY HANGED AS A GENTLE HINT TO FOOTPADS AND CLAIM-JUMPERS; LEADVILLE, COLO.—SEE PAGE 5.

Couldn't Stand Prosperity.

Patrick O'Brien, a compositor, having a wife and five small children living at 226 East 113th street six months ago invested sixty seven cents in a lottery ticket. A few days after he received \$5,000 in return for his outlay. In his joy at the windfall he took his wife to Washington, spent a week examining the various points of interest there, and then returned to this city. Mrs. O'Brien suggested to Patrick the propriety of continuing at his trade, at which he could easily make \$20 a week, and let the prize money accumulate interest. The husband replied that "not another stitch of work would he do," and thereupon drew \$100 from the bank and went to Boston. He was gone a fortnight, and returned only to make another hole in his bank account and again start off. He has continued this course for several months, and has spent, as his wife foots it up, \$3,500 within half a year. Meanwhile she has been obliged to work hard in order to gain a scanty living for her children, who have been virtually abandoned by their father. On Wednesday night, 19th, O'Brien called upon his wife fashionably dressed and full of champagne. In her indignation the lady ordered him out, when the husband swore he would have her life. Attempting to carry his threat into execution, Mrs. O'Brien ran from the house and returned with Policeman Jerome T. Grant, who led Mr. O'Brien to the station-house. On the following day in the Harlem Police Court, Justice Kilbreth committed the husband for six months. Mrs. O'Brien told a reporter that her husband had about \$1,500 in the Park Bank, yet she could not get a cent out of him.

Fair Ones' Smiles for Fistic Sharps.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The president of the Racket Court Club, 55 West Twenty-sixth street, gave a reception on the 20th in the club house. Nearly two hundred ladies stepped from their carriages at the doors during the afternoon, in response to the printed invitations, at the top of which were two rackets crossed over a racket ball. The entertainment occupied nearly the entire afternoon, and consisted of rackets in the courts and exhibitions of muscle in the gymnasium. A string band furnished music. In the afternoon luncheon was served in the parlors. Before luncheon James Moore, of this city, and Boakes, a Canadian, both professionals, played at rackets. Marker, J. Lockhart; referee, Mr. La Montagne. William Smith, James Burnett and Robert Stroll, of Wood's Gymnasium, performed on the trapeze bar. Then the ladies formed a small ring in the centre of the gymnasium, and the Goyecourier brothers put on the gloves and punched each other's heads for a few minutes. Then Mr. J. Hopkins Smith and Professor O'Neill varied the programme by also punching each other's heads.

After luncheon Boakes, the professional racket player from Quebec, encountered Mr. Moore and Mr. E. La Montagne at the same time. Mr. La Montagne is a member of the club. Had he not strained his wrist and stopped the game with two aces, he would have helped Moore to badly thrash the Canadian.

Then half an hour was consumed in seating the ladies in a circle in the gymnasium, and it was whispered that there were to be some "very distinguished gentlemen" to add to the afternoon's enjoyment. There was a clapping of hands among ladies and gentlemen alike as Billy Edwards and Arthur Chambers (professional light weights), alike dressed in spotless tights, trim belts and black shoes, stepped smiling into the ring. Perfectly new gloves were handed them and they went to work. Both laughed occasionally, and they seemed to be rather playing than working. At an especially good show of agility they were applauded. They fought four rounds. In the third round they hit each other some pretty resounding blows that brought from the ladies applause. Professor O'Neill and Professor Austin gave a final exhibition of sparring. As one of the ladies went down to take her carriage she said to her lady friend as they separated: "I do think that Billy Edwards was just too splendid—he didn't appear to be mad even once."

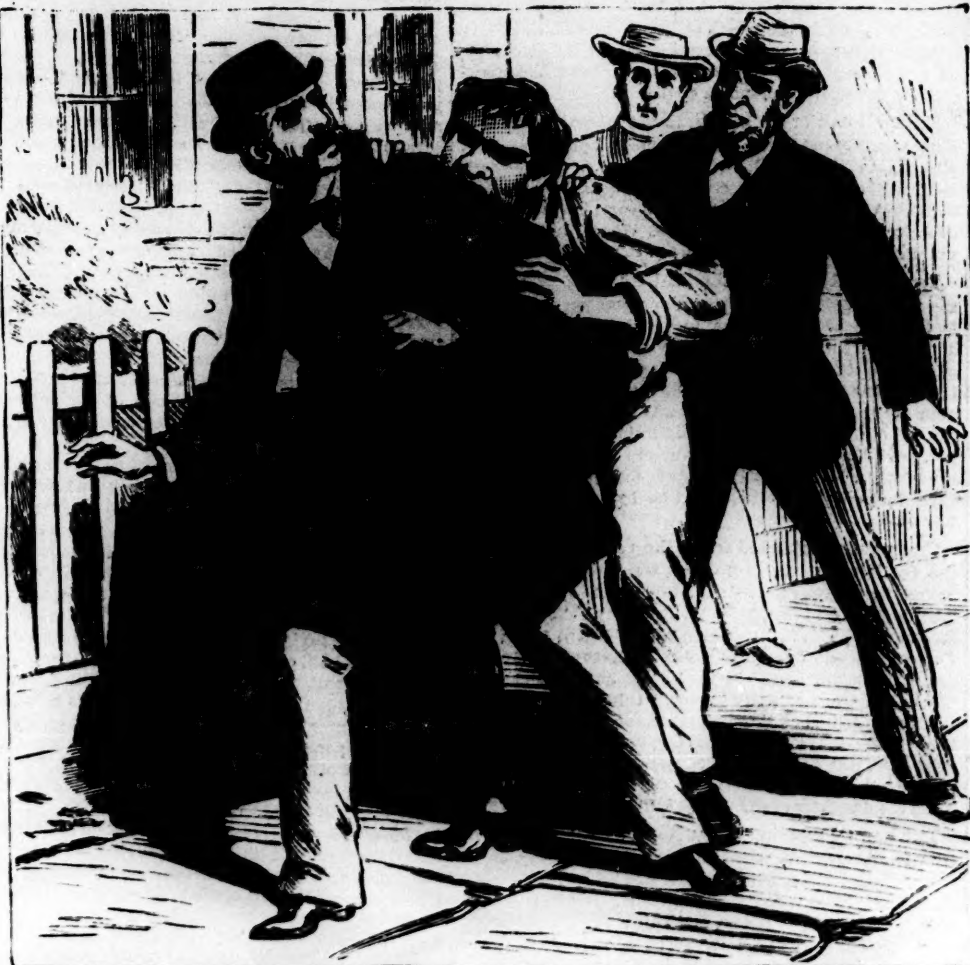
Working a Physician.

Rockford, Ill., Nov. 18.—A rich story of a confidence game played upon a leading physician of Rockford by Chicago sharps has just come out. The doctor was a little shy about telling his neighbors of his adventure, but finally disclosed the facts to Marshal Sully. A short time since the gentleman, whom we will call

Dr. G., started for Michigan, intending to cross the lake by steamer from Chicago. While he was waiting about the landing for the boat a man accosted him with a hearty "How do you do, Dr. Hallowell?" at the same time extending an eager hand for a shake. "You have the start of me," replied the doctor, "but you have made a mistake in my name. I am Dr. G., of Rockford." "Precisely, precisely. I recognize it now; strange that I should have made such a mistake! Well, how are times out in Rockford?" It was the same old dodge, but the doctor didn't see it. Just at the moment when the doctor had so very explicitly given his name and residence, another man alid on the scene, and was surprised and delighted to see Dr. G., of Rockford, and after going through a vigorous pump-handle movement for a few moments, the three settled down to a friendly chat. The doctor felt warm and comfortable at heart because he had been so easily noticed in the great metropolis, and his good nature flowed forth. In the course of the conversation one of the sudden acquaintances re-

marked to the doctor: "Dr. G., aren't you losing something out of your pocketbook?" The doctor spasmodically put his hand to his breast pocket and drew out his wallet to see if it was all right. In an instant one of the men snatched it and ran away. The other looked in blank astonishment and cursed the villain who would take the advantage of friendship like that, and then bustled off in pretended pursuit of the robber. The whole thing then began to dawn on the doctor. He had been the victim of a confidence game. His loss was only \$75, but the wound to his vanity was worth a thousand. He hurried to a store where he had an acquaintance, and hastily relating the circumstances asked his friend to go with him and apprehend the thief. But he was only laughed at. The doctor was so discouraged at this adventure that he returned home and did not go to Michigan, as he had intended.

The Rev. Dr. Peter Stryker writes from Saratoga that while the place is almost free from riotous out-



THE MAN WHO FANCIED HIMSELF A DOG HENRY WILLIS, AFTER CONTENTING HIMSELF FOR YEARS WITH THE BARK, SUDDENLY ASSUMES THE BITE AS A PREROGATIVE OF HIS CANINE HALLUCINATION, AND IS IMMEDIATELY ABATED AS A PUELIC NUISANCE; BLOOMINGTON, IND.—SEE PAGE 2.

breaks and drunken brawls, there is much evil behind the scenes. He says that a Saratoga physician recently said he would not dare reveal the secrets he knew, and if he did he would not be believed by the people.

The Work of a Ministerial Scoundrel.

SHERMAN, Tex., Nov. 17.—The Greenlaw scandal continues to be a big sensation here, having first come to light in the Denison papers, before Greenlaw's suicide a few days ago. He and his wife were of the highest respectability. The friends of Rev. Conrad Haney, the alleged paramour of Mrs. Greenlaw, indignantly deny the rumors against him. They say Mrs. Greenlaw was enamored of him, that she acted indiscreetly and that he endeavored to avoid her, but could not. The other side say the minister also acted indiscreetly. Haney's friends professed to be trying to hunt up the author of the scandal. Rev. L. H. Carhart, a Sherman minister, took up the cudgels for Haney, and said the heads of all Denison editors ought to be shot off, whereupon one of them asks him to come over and do it, but reminds Carhart that he also lives in a glass house. It looks as if blood might be spilled. Some citizens say Greenlaw suicided to prevent being arrested for counterfeiting, not because of Mrs. Greenlaw's infidelity.

Collared the Wrong Husband.

It was late on Thursday night, 19th inst., when Peter Simpson came home fuddled and fell to experimenting with the night key on the front door. From within Mrs. Simpson heard the disturbance, and as Peter blasphemed in a manner most shocking to a nervous organization she slipped out of the arway and sped to the nearest policeman, to whom she revealed her fears of bodily violence. There was only one course to be taken. Peter Simpson must be locked up. But to avoid a scene the timorous lady would not venture in her lord and master's sight, and, with the aid of her glasses—for she was quite near-sighted—she pointed out a recumbent figure vaguely outlined against the front stoop, which she assured Policeman Hennessy was the delinquent. To the station house the latter was summarily conducted, although he remonstrated hard, and in his delirium not only denied frightening his wife and his own identity, but flatly declared his bachelorhood, all of which served to impress his captor with the excess of Simpson's iniquity and the enormity of his sin against his confiding partner. The latter meantime had taken herself to her mother's, where she received suitable condolence and worked herself into a state of excitement befitting an appearance in the Yorkville Police Court. She was on hand the following morning, so was the prisoner, and it was touching to witness the gross ignorance of each other's presence these Christians maintained.

At last the case was called, and the lady mounted the stand.

"You have been making a brute of yourself on quite an extensive scale," said his Honor, looking over the affidavit. "This lady says you raised quite a disturbance about the house, and it is clear from your appearance that you have been dissipating to an unwarrantable extent."

His looks were certainly against the prisoner. He had a decidedly unhandsome face and no amount of clothes. Prosperity seemed to be all one-sided in the Simpson family.

"I don't see what she's botherin' me for," urged the culprit. "I didn't do nothin' to this ere female, sir. Fact is, I don't know her from a side of sole leather."

The court seemed shocked at this heresy. But it had a different effect on the complainant. She whipped out a little box and, adjusting her glasses, turned her eyes on the prisoner. As he straightened up his uncouth form she gave a tiny scream and cried in an injured tone: "Ugh, you creature! Lands alive, you ain't my husband!"

"No, ma'am, thank God," meekly returned the prisoner.

The complainant became quite rigid, and taking the glasses from her near-sighted eyes, asked what it all meant. Policeman Hennessy's theory was obtained, and it doubtless was the right one. The prisoner had stumbled along as the veritable Simpson in the house, and, pointed out by the complaining wife, had done good service for the erring husband in a dungeon cell, while that worthy, safely indoors, slept the sleep of the fuddled.

MIDNIGHT PICTURES.

A Series of Illustrated Sketches of New York's Gas-Lit Life.

ON THE BLAZING BOWERY.

Strange Meeting in a Supper Room--The Beer Gardens--Chatham Square Dives.

BY AN OLD BOWDER.

[Written expressly for THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE.] We will pay obeisance to that variety which is the spice of life, and not continue our Sixth avenue promenade to-night.

Although, as I have said, it is a rare, rich mine of metropolitan sensationalism, we did but graze its surface, and yet we saw a good deal of the vice and vagaries of our fellow-beings.

Next week, or the next, we will return to these preserves and flush more game. But to-night! where shall we go?

What say you to the Bowery? It is one of New York's representative streets, and is always interesting. Broadway! Fifth avenue! the Bowery!—those are terms familiar to thousands who have never seen America.

The Bowery it shall be. Crossing Broadway at Eighth street we notice that that monster thoroughfare is in a doze. Nothing is heard but the rattle of the wheels of the last stages as they forge along with their blinking lights. Cabmen lay around the Sinclair House and "Mike Murray's" place, and scan the street up and down with the fond idea of catching a "drunk," or some one who has conceived the plan of making a night of it. Broadway below Fourteenth street is dead after midnight. We leave it willingly and turn into the Bowery around the corner of the Cooper Union.

It is another city. The first block we see is nothing but a string of gin-mills, with a bank and a drug store thrown in to break the monotony. The cellars are eating houses—all night places, whose lights stream up to mix in splendor with those radiating from the bars.

Let us go in to one of the first so-called hotels that we meet. We will have beer: always beer or Rhine wine in these places. This establishment never closes its eyes. The young man behind the bar is as fresh as a daisy, and should be, because he has just come on. But what trade do they have? Plenty of trade. The men in the Tompkins Market must have their periodical drinks; so must the policeman. Up to 2 o'clock in the morning the business is but a continuation of that of the day. Between 2 and 5 o'clock the early workers, dealers in newspapers, young men who went to bed at midnight, hot with rum, and couldn't sleep—they come in for their drink.

On a couple of chairs, heads sprawled upon the beer-stained tables, are customers who could no more go home than fly. The bar-tender shakes snore and drunks out of them and returns disgusted to his work.

Suddenly the bell at the side door rings. Were we outside we would see a gentleman and lady standing in the entry. The lady has her veil down, altho' the precaution is unnecessary, since the gas is turned so low that it seems a mere speck of red in the luridly tinted globe.

By the operation of an electric bell, manipulated on the platform up-stairs, the door flies open. The couple enter and ascend to the first landing, where, in an ante-room filled with bottles and dishes, stands a servant who knows his business. He is a combination of politeness, suavity and silence.

The couple desire a supper room. "Certainly. Step this way."

And he glides down a long hall, filled with the murmur of conversation from rooms on either side, until he comes to No. 10. There is the flash of a match, and a neat apartment, furnished with table, chairs and a lounge, is revealed.

We don't see any of this, but we hear the order for oysters, salad and a bottle of wine, which are consumed in No. 10. Sometimes the wine has a marvelous effect upon the silent, timid, hesitating woman who was so closely veiled at the street door. She talks in a loud voice; she sings. It is not the strangest thing in the world even for the couple in the adjoining snapper room to join in the fun and eventually to propose making it all one party.

In this very house that I am describing such a thing occurred but recently and with the most unlooked-for results. Both ladies were under the influence of drink, or it would not have happened. Their voices, in the preliminary conversation, were husky, thick, unrecognizable to each other.

But not so their faces when the invitation to coalesce was accepted and one tipsy couple burst into the supper room of the other.

"My God, Fanny—!"

"You here! Hattie—!"

Imagine the scene. These two, respectable, married ladies, discovering each other in situations which make the life of such play as "Champagne and Oysters," "Forbidden Fruit," and the like.

The frozen attitude of astonishment, the bottles and glasses, the bewilderment of the gentlemen, and the final compromise and treaty of war over more wine.

As we go down the Bowery becomes a succession of beer gardens, huge, brilliantly illuminated places, with an army of waiters, and a stage at one end on which appear variety actors. The dramatic part of the bill is not of a very high order, but we don't expect it to be.

Let us sit here. The waiter plants down two glasses of beer and waits for the money. There is no disgusting formality of asking you what you want in these places. Beer is a fixed fact.

Who is that young lady in the seal-skin sacque who has just sank into a seat ahead of us, only to be surrounded by about six fast-looking young men, who almost fight in their eagerness to treat her?

"Make it a schooner, Max," she says to the waiter in a tone of easy familiarity. "I'm as thirsty as the devil." Then she unbuckles her seal-skin, leans back, puts her feet on a chair opposite, and wipes the perspiration and paint from her hard, brazened face.

"Who is she Max?" "Her? Oh, she's the gal the man chucks the knives at. Want to know her?" "No, thank you."

So we are in the society of a beer garden queen. She is holding her regular court. Her knife-thrower is on in the pantomime, and she has to wait for him.

The running of the cars at night keeps the Bowery alive. Some of those that come down from Harlem have regular gangs of pirates on board, drunken men and women who fight, throw the conductor and driver off, smash the windows, and yell murder. This is especially so in the summer time when moonlight picnics are in full blast. I would as leave be on a slave ship, where the crew all wear red shirts, as ride in some of the Bowery street cars in the hours along to a morning.

Approaching Chatham square the Bowery becomes more degraded. It has any quantity of all-night saloons in cellars, which are veritable entrances to Hades. Look at the painted, gaudily-be-ribboned hag, cajoling the honest sailor, who is very drunk, into entering one of these hells.

He stumbles against the door, behind whose crimson curtain the gas blazes, and as it is burst open, we see a monstrous, bloated woman in the bar, and five or six bedizened females in tawdry Turkish costumes, making love to as many drunken individuals, while a young man in a red neck-tie bangs away at the piano.

The door closes. Our sailor friend is swallowed up. It were better for him had he been wrecked at sea, and landed on a desert island.

SPORTING NOTES.

THE eight men already engaged by the Cincinnati base-ball team command a total salary of \$9,800.

JAMES SHAY, probably the oldest turfman in Kentucky, died at Lexington, Nov. 19, aged ninety-four.

THE Empire City A. C. will have their annual winter games at Madison Square Garden on Tuesday, Dec. 2.

DICK GOODWIN, alias "Spring Dick," had a benefit at the Theatre Comique, Bradford, Pa., Nov. 21, when he was assisted by Charley McDonald and others.

DONALD DINNIE offers to give any man in the world twelve inches start at putting the stone and three feet at throwing the hammer for as little as \$125 a side.

GAUDAUER and Adair, of Toronto, defeated Faley and Humphrey, of Collingwood, in a two-mile double-scul race for \$200 at Barrie, Ont., Nov. 18. Time, 14m. 20s.

THE interest of the late John Morrissey in the clubhouse at Saratoga, was sold Nov. 22, to Messrs. Reed, Spencer and McCormack, for \$28,300, under foreclosure of E. W. Hydon, of Troy, N. Y.

A WRESTLING match for \$200 a side took place at the Skating Rink, Milwaukee, Wis., Nov. 16. The contestants were Lucian Marc and Otto Wagner. Marc won the first and fourth falls; Wagner the second, fourth and fifth.

THE Bayonne Gun Club's marksmen's badge was contested for at Bergen Point, N. J., Nov. 19. Each man fired at fifteen glass balls, Bogardus traps and rules, and the winner was L. N. Chapin, of Centerville, who broke thirteen.

CLAPP, the base-ballist, was to have a salary of \$2,200 from Albany, with \$700. But Albany was only free in promises. Meanwhile the Cincinnati went at him, cash in hand, and John set his seal on a contract to play in Cincinnati.

THE chess tournament which has for some time been in progress at Auburn, N. Y., closed Nov. 21. H. A. Richmond, of Buffalo, winning first prize, James R. Cox, Auburn, second, and C. C. Button, of Auburn, third. Next year the association will meet in Syracuse.

THERE is said to be a strong prospect for the engagement of the O'Rourke brothers, base-ballists, in Cincinnati. Negotiations are pending now, and the Cincinnati Club has bid high, with a good show of success. If engaged Jim will play first base and change catcher, and John will take center field.

THE Chicagoans intended to engage Corcoran as exchange pitcher for 1880, but the punishment his pitching received at the hands of the Cincinnati in San Francisco convinced the management that Corcoran would not answer the purpose, so the question of an exchange pitcher remains in abeyance.

C. L. LOCKTON, running from scratch, was beaten in his trial heat of a 100 yds. race at Stamford Bridge, London, Eng., Nov. 1, by A. C. Dent, who had eight yards start, and beat Lockton by a yard and a half. The latter's time was given as 10sec., but, as the winner carried away the tape, the time is not accepted as a record.

THE first grand hunt of the season by the Westchester H. and H. took place on Thanksgiving day from Schroeder's Hotel, Central avenue, Woodlawn. The hares were announced to start at 10 A. M., sharp, rain or shine. The hares were L. A. Berte and G. H. Hillwig; master of the hunt, J. D. Riblet; whippers-in, W. O. Merrill and H. M. Keyser.

PROF. MILLER on Nov. 21 withdrew the \$1,000 which he deposited at the *Clipper* office with his challenges some weeks before. He thinks that McMahon should have stood by the challenge which appeared in a daily paper over his signature, and the terms of which Miller accepted, or else he ought to have denied in print that he authorized the publication of such a challenge.

THAT veteran organization, the Montreal Snow Shoe Club, recently held their thirty-seventh annual election, with this result: President, Angus Grant; first vice-president, A. W. Stevenson; second, H. W. Beckett; secretary, G. R. Starke; treasurer, R. McG. Stewart; committee—F. C. A. McIndoe, A. O. Weaver, J. K. Whyte, John Robinson, R. D. McGibbon, J. Thon and T. C. Church.

THE annual race for the challenge cup offered by the *Sporting Life*, distance fifty miles, was participated in by ten amateur riders at the Lillie Bridge Grounds, London, Eng., Nov. 8. There were some high-class men among the starters, but the race was less interesting than it might have been made, for the reason that the best of them waited upon one another until near the finish. At the end of forty-eight and a half miles A. E. Derkinderen fell, having been seized with cramp in the leg, and was in it no longer. Within fifty yards of the finish H. Osborne dashed past W. T. Thorne, and won by four yards, in 8h. 4m. 6 2-5s.

THE prizes contended for at the recent meeting of the California Club, at Modesto, were won by the Grayhounds hereinafter named: Old Dog Stake—J. C. Pennie's "Jemima," first prize, \$100; W. D. Derry's "Swindler," second prize, \$50; N. Peterson's "Jack," third prize, \$25. Puppy Stake—P. Lyman's "Mollie McCarthy," first prize, \$45; T. Tennemueher's "Flying Dutchman," second prize, \$25; J. F. Carroll's "Kitty Clover," third prize, \$15; M. Devlin's "Springbok," fourth prize, \$15. The Beaten Dog, Consolation, Stake was not run for, but the amount of the prize, \$70, was evenly divided between Naper's "Lady Empress," and Berry's "Lady Cartwright," the latter being the daughter of the "Empress."

THE annual meeting of the National Association of trotting-horse breeders was held in this city, Nov. 19, at which the following officers were elected: President, H. W. T. Mall; First Vice-President, G. M. Jewett; Second Vice-President, J. V. Baker, Jr.; Third Vice-President, J. P. Wiser; Secretary, L. D. Packer; Treasurer, J. W. Gray; Directors, Charles Backman, W. H. Wilson, Shepherd F. Knapp, G. T. Moulton, Richard West, H. N. Smith, J. D. Willis, F. D. Norris and W. F. Osborne; Executive Committee, H. W. T. Mall, J. V. Baker, L. D. Packer, Charles Backman, W. H. Wilson, S. F. Knapp, G. T. Moulton, George M. Jewett, J. P. Wiser, J. W. Gray, R. West, H. N. Smith, J. D. Willis, F. D. Norris and W. F. Osborne.

GLIMPSES OF GOTHAM.

Mr. Prowler Investigates the English Betting System and Throws in Some Solid Science.

ALL ABOUT THE "BOOK-MAKERS."

Men Who Are so Accommodating That They Will Bet on Any Event Under the Sun.

"NO REASONABLE OFFER REFUSED."

BY PAUL PROWLER.

[Written expressly for THE POLICE GAZETTE.] We all remember "Doc" Underwood, the great American pool seller, and it isn't so long ago that the little theatre on Broadway, where they have been giving "Pinafore" by the Church Choir Company, was the regular pool-room of the late John Morrissey.

That was in the time when the law allowed or winked at the sport, and when the locality at Broadway and Twenty-eighth street was marked by a degree of betting activity which you look for in vain now.

There is just as much betting going on, however—more, in fact, but the American pool system has gone to the wall—it was known as the auction pool—before the English betting book idea.

I must confess at first that I could hardly get the English book, in all its technical language, through my perceptive faculties. I am rejoiced to state that I have succeeded at last. It was in three easy lessons, and I paid a price so steep, per lesson, as to induce me to figuratively wonder when the Metropolitan Soup Kitchens are going to open.

Each lesson was in the form of a race. I laid "odds," but they hatched nothing.

Still the man who grumbles at knowledge, however dearly bought, is no philosopher. Therefore I can't complain on that score.

You have doubtless heard about the inexperienced husband who came home at the milkman's hour deathly sick, and who, upon being interrogated by his wife, owned up to sixty beers during the night, and laid the sickness to one Frankfurter sausage. They always *did* disagree with him.

Of course you have heard of this husband. Maybe in the amateur theatricals of this life you have played his part.

To explain the digression: I am an explanatory sick husband. I ascribe all my ill luck to the fact that an upright municipal government forced me into a speculation that I didn't understand.

If I had bought the "field" on the good old American plan, or even invested in the Paris Mutuels, I feel certain that I would be ready now to prove my direct descent from Croesus.

By the way, did you ever pause in this work-a-day world to ponder a little on those lucky dogs of antiquity? Look at Croesus! There wasn't enough ink in the world or a rapid enough stylus to enable him to overdraw his bank account.

There was a man who could have fried lampreys for breakfast every morning.

And Crichton, who couldn't make a mistake. He was a great gambler, too, and got away with loads of drachme and such like on chariot races.

The chariot whirled me back to my subject, that of the English betting book and its principles.

Before I take the reader down town to where all the principal backers have desk room, generally in saloons like Casey's and Thomas's in Barclay street, I will try to explain the English book.

It is constructed on severe mathematical principles, is nothing more than a lesson in ciphering, and will undoubtedly become the fashionable form of betting at all such aristocratic tracks as Fordham, Saratoga and Long Branch.

You will be surprised at the authority to whom I go for facts bearing upon the English betting plan as applied to horse races. He is no less a man than Prof. Richard A. Proctor, B. A., Camb., F. R. A. S., who is now delivering a series of brilliant astronomical lectures in this city.

I don't know that the professor is good on giving you points, although he could tell to a dot when comets and planets should arrive at the judges' stand, but I think a man with an array of such glittering titles would be dead sure to name the winner twice out of three times.

Before quoting the description of the booking idea it is necessary to explain that "Camb." does not mean "come and make bets."

The professor says: "It is in reality a simple matter to understand the betting on races or contests of any kind, yet it is astonishing how seldom those who do not actually bet upon races have any inkling of the meaning of those mysterious columns which indicate the opinion of the betting world respecting the probable result of approaching contests, equine or otherwise."

"Let us take a few simple cases of 'odds' to begin with, and, having mastered the elements of our subject, proceed to see how cases of greater complexity are to be dealt with."

"Suppose the newspapers informs us that the betting is 2 to 1 against a certain horse for such and such a race, what inference are we to deduce? To learn this let us conceive a case in which the true odds against a certain event are 2 to 1. Suppose there are three balls in a bag, one being white, the others black. Then if we draw a ball at random it is clear that we are twice as likely to draw a black as to draw a white ball. This is technically expressed by saying that the odds are 2 to 1 against drawing a white ball, or 2 to 1 on—that is, in favor of—drawing a black ball. Or this being understood, it follows that when the odds are said to be 2 to 1 against a certain horse we are to infer that, in the opinion of those who have studied the performance of the horse and compared it with that of the other horses engaged in the race, his chance of winning is equivalent to the chance of drawing one particular ball out of a bag of three balls."

"Observe how this result is obtained. The odds are 2 to 1, and the chance of the horse is as that of drawing one ball out of a bag of three—three being the sum of the two numbers 2 and 1. This is the method followed in all such cases. Thus, if the odds against a horse are 7 to 1, we infer that the cognoscenti consider his chance equal to that of drawing one particular ball out of a bag of eight."

"A similar treatment applies when the odds are not given as so many to one. Thus, if the odds against a horse are 5 to 2, we infer that the horse's chance is equal to that of drawing a white ball out of a bag containing five black and two white balls, or seven in all."

Further on the astronomer throws some starlight on a

point that would be otherwise murky. He says: "And here a certain nicety in betting has to be mentioned. In running the eye down the list of odds one will often meet such expressions as 10 to 1 against such a horse offered, or 10 to 1 wanted. Now the odds of 10 to 1 taken may be understood to imply that the horse's chance is equivalent to that of drawing a certain ball out of a bag of eleven. But if the odds are offered and not taken we cannot infer this. The offering of the odds implies that the horse's chance is not better than that above mentioned, but the fact that they are not taken implies that the horse's chance is not so good. If no higher odds are offered against the horse we may infer that his chance is very little worse than that mentioned above. Similarly if the odds of 10 to 1 are asked for we infer that the horse's chance is not worse than that of drawing one ball out of eleven. If the odds are not obtained we infer that his chance is better, and if no lower odds are asked for we infer that his chance is very little better."

I give this explanation, because I take it for granted that once in a while my readers, who are ordinarily the pillars of society and the shining examples of respectability, may feel in a risking mood. I do not wish them to be cajoled into laying any preposterous odds when the business of the moment is the making of a bet. The backers are the most agreeable men imaginable. It is very difficult to get talking with them on any event in which you are interested without putting up something, and it is just as well to know how to put up.

They write your name down on a pretty colored slip, which they tear from their little book, and carefully insert the precise circumstances under which the bet is made. With the information Prof. Proctor has given us it is now possible to experience the sensation understandingly.

Did you ever notice what fearful odds are sometimes laid? When Parole went over to England for the first time Mr. Lorillard was fortunate enough to negotiate bets at 40 to 1. As the day for the race drew near this was cut down to 7 to 1, 5 to 1, and 3 to 1.

During the late walking nuisances I saw one ticket which stated that the holder had put up \$1 against \$1,000, the bookmaker giving those odds against one of the dead-beat contestants getting a certain place. As the man could hardly remain on the tanbark the bet seemed logical enough. I bought a ticket at the same odds, as I always would under any circumstances save the non-possession of a dollar. Lightning has a habit of not striking twice in the same place, but the man who wouldn't put a dollar on a lightning strike coming loading along on its former track when \$1,000 could be "collared" if it did, is no devotee of chance.

There are up-town offices, of course, where betting goes on constantly, a good deal of it being done by wire. But since horse races, yacht races and base ball matches are generally managed in the day time, it was found necessary to open down-town branches in bars and chop-houses.

A man who comes out of his office for a drink and a little lunch is enabled without any trouble to get in on the races, say at Louisville, or the yacht contest up the Sound, or anything anywhere.

Think of bending over a stupid ledger, and seeing between the lines the fascinating picture of your horse on which you got 15 to 1, coming in ahead of all the others, with his tail straight out and the jockey almost riding between his ears.

Don't like the picture? But think of the other chronos on the ledger page—your horse in a ditch, and the jockey coming over to the grand stand on a stretcher.

If there were not two sides to everything we could have lots of fun, couldn't we?

This booking game is one that you can play in two ways. You can buy a horse at the long odds offered, or you can open an office yourself and start in to back anything and everything under creation. All that you require is a character for reliability, a tremendous nerve, and a faculty of so doing business that there is no chance of losing anything. This can be done nearly every time by giving just the proper kind of odds to offset a misdirected generosity into which you may have been led at the early stages of the speculation.

In England it is customary enough to open books for the Derby a year ahead. From that time down to the morning of the race a horse may fluctuate like the price of gold in a panic. Some one circulates a rumor that he has gone amiss in one of his legs. Immediately the bookmakers extend their odds against him. When it is discovered that it was a mere rumor the figures change again. In all this multifarious figuring it is necessary to maintain a cool, clear head, and to hear always the net result of the bets booked so far ciphered out in the mind.

All backers do not give the same odds, although they are forced by the pressure of competition to maintain an appearance of uniformity.

Another peculiarity about the English system is that you don't get your money back if the horses do not start. For that very reason the man who has a chance six months ahead of the date of the event to pick up long odds against a horse is made a little scary by the reflection that perhaps the brute will be scratched.

But any of the affairs of this life are equally uncertain. Look at those pretty rowers, Hanlan and Courtney! Is there the slightest moral certainty that they will race on the Potomac?

You can go down in Barclay street now and get odds that there will be no race on Dec. 9th.

And from the same man you can get odds that there will be a race.

That Hanlan will beat.

That Courtney will beat.

You can almost get odds that both will beat.

Hunt this wide world over and you will find no more accommodating men than the book-makers. Knowing that there is a chance for every anticipated event happening, or not happening, it is their province to accommodate all who want to bet on the "perhaps" of it.

Of course races, billiard matches, pigeon shoots and the like are their legitimate field of operation, but they are always willing to go into an outside snap.

I sincerely believe that it would have been possible the other day, when the Adventists were sitting around in their best bibs and tuckers, waiting for the end of the world, to have obtained from some of the booking fraternity bets on the occurrence or non-occurrence of the wind-up.

I don't know though. If the earth's account had been closed, settling the transaction next day would have been a different matter.

For all we know bets may not be recognized in the bet-ter land.

THE secretary's match, military weapons, 200 and 500 yds., five rounds at each distance, was contested by a half dozen riflemen, each of whom made a double entry, at Creedmoor, L. I., Nov. 19. It was a final of eight monthly competitions for \$50 or a trophy, and the result was: J. R. B. Bayley, 42; C. Heizeman, 41; J. L. Price, 41; J. B. Balston, 40; J. W. Cochrane, 40; and W. J. Underwood, 40. The latter's aggregate score in all the competitions being the best, he was awarded the prize.

CITY CHARACTERS.

THE BANK CLERK.

A Member of Society Who Sometimes Starts for Europe With One Shirt.

BY COLONEL LYNX.

(Written expressly for THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE.) In the clerking world the bank clerk is the aristocrat. I have made a careful study of him, being particularly favored once by living in a house where it was possible to compare him with a dry goods tinner, and it required but the space of a dinner hour to see that one was "fine cut" and the other "plug."

The bank clerk lives constantly in an atmosphere of luxury. The men he meets during the day are moneyed individuals, from the millionaire notch down. If he is in the cash department he handles greenbacks so constantly that the bills passing through his hands actually lose their monetary value, and become to him as so much merchandise.

His work is light and he is well paid for it. The situation is a life one if he behaves himself, and as the old roosters drop from their stools into their coffins he advances along the line of promotion.

No wonder, then, that he is so many karats finer than the miserable beings who decorate Broadway windows with dry goods, or lug bolts of cloths about from early morning until candle-light, and all for a salary that is a premium on dishonesty.

I am never surprised when I read about a clerk in one of the Grand street stores, for instance, being detected in stealing silk or any other trifle. Many of them are married, and since the highest salary paid to the rank and file would hardly keep a man and a dog respectably, the problem of supporting a family on it is one that is tragically ridiculous.

Now our natty bank clerk labors under none of these disadvantages. When he steals—and I regret to state that there have been such instances placed upon record—it is generally to cover up a flyer that he has been having in Wall street. He shoots a second golden barbed arrow in order to find the first.

In his leisure hours the bank clerk is a great society or sporting man, just as his fancy determines. He lives up town in a first-class boarding house. He is very particular about his dress, generally wearing the English style of clothes which the brokers affect. If he is not calling upon the ladies in the evening he is at the theatre, or in some billiard hall where he has a private cue. Too frequently he doesn't get home until very late, and where this happens it is necessary for him to have a couple of brandies and soda in the morning before he can get his hand in steady writing trim.

I must not be understood as representing a young man fond of fast life in limited doses and holding him forth as a specimen of the fraternity. Every New York bank clerk is not necessarily fond of beer and billiards any more than every treasurer of a Fall River mill is an honest man. But the conservative, respectable, always home-to-dinner sort have not come my way much, and I can only speak of the bank clerk as I have found him.

In two or three instances I have known tellers and bookkeepers who would suddenly be seized with a most intense desire to go to Europe and gaze upon the monumental memoranda of antiquity; and there have been others, whom I have met, whose greatest ambition at the time in question was to get to Canada and see whether the Governor-General was running the Dominion in a way that would please Mrs. Victoria.

By a singular coincidence the accounts of these gentlemen would be found mixed.

A pure case of tangled threads among the gold. Yes; and among the silver and the greenbacks and negotiable securities.

The harsh, outside world calls this stealing, but it is not so looked upon by the banking fraternity. It's an "irregularity" at the worst. In a few rare cases punishment is meted out, but in the majority of instances the difficulty is smoothed over by partial restitution, and the sponge of compromise wipes out all record of the crime.

See how nicely the teller of the latest robbed bank kept an exact account of the balances he bled, in order to allow his outside "pal" to overdraw. He had it all down in a neat, little book, even to the pennies. The bank, no doubt, felt very grateful over this evidence of care, which saved them the expense of an expert.

When these young men do begin to speculate on Wall street with the funds of the institution they do it in an elegant manner and on the wholesale plan. False balance sheets, doctored accounts, hypothecation of bonds—these are the instruments of their security while the operations are in progress. When it gets too warm, or when the time draws near for the government examiner from Washington to put in an appearance, then they begin to study up the climate of Canada or to invest in European guide-books.

Out in the mining towns of the West there is many a bank clerk wearing a woollen shirt, drinking, shooting, gambling with the rest of them, who used to be a pink of perfection in dress as he stood behind the glass barrier in the down-town bank.

"What brought you here, Charley?" I asked one of them I met in Colorado some years ago. "Tell me her name." I felt sure that it was a woman scrape because my friend was a most decided beau, and had more elegant women doring him than would be necessary for the Sultan's harem.

"'Twasn't a petticoat," he answered. "I simply went in to declare a bigger dividend than the bank could, and it kind of broke me up. Let's liquor."

Women, however, are the cause of the ruin of ninety per cent. of confidential clerks, whether employed in banks or breweries, who go astray. I do not mean sweethearts upon whom presents are lavished, or wives who are allowed to indulge their dressing tastes to the most extravagant degree. The feminines I have in view are the shady creatures who must be established in grand style, who look upon money as a necessity, and who will fly to another page the moment the gold wears from the bars of the one in which they are.

A young man in the Tombs, he was a bank clerk, confessed to me that his girl had been the cause of his downfall.

"She ordered me to raise money somehow," he said, "and I tried to."

"How?"

"I raised a hundred-dollar check to a thousand, and here I am."

Moral—Raise up a bank check in the way it should not, and there will generally be trouble.

Five persons were whipped in the jail-yard at New-castle, Del., on the 22d, in the presence of about 200 persons. They had all been convicted of larceny, and each received twenty lashes. Two of the number, Charles Lester and Edward Gallagher, were white, and hail from Philadelphia.

SPORTING NOTES.

St. Louis is talking about a professional ball team for next year, with James Galvin as the main guy.

DUNCAN ROSS badly injured his right arm while wrestling with James Daley at Albany, N. Y., recently.

FRENCHY JOHNSON is back again in Massachusetts, and it is said that he will sail for England in December next.

GALTS QUIRK easily defeated Robert Brown in a 100-yards run for \$100 in Canada, Nov. 13. Time, 10% seconds.

CAPTAIN T. G. MOORE, who shot Colonel Lewis Clark, Jr., has been ruled off the track by the executive committee of the Louisville, Ky., Jockey Club.

A GUN presented by President Mott was shot for by members of the Middlesex Gun Club at Trenton, N. J., Nov. 22. They shot at ten birds each, 21 yds. rise, and Ellis won by killing nine.

CAPTAIN BOGARDUS and James Rustetter were opponents in a glass-ball match, 1,000 balls apiece, from three traps, five yards, at Bradford, Pa., Nov. 18. Bogardus smashed 990 and his opponent 870.

WALTER MURPHY killed ten birds straight at Bergen Point, N. J., Nov. 22, and won the silver cup competed for semi-monthly by the members of the New York Gun Club. He stood at thirty yards and shot at five traps, this being the second time he won the trophy.

WILLIAM CUMMINGS, running from scratch in a mile handicap at Moston Park, Manchester, Eng., Nov. 8, finished twenty yards behind the winner, T. C. Herbert, who was in receipt of forty-five yards start, and whose time was 4m. 17s. Cummings, however, poached ten yards or more at the start.

ONLY three riflemen took part in the long-range, Carton, competition at Walnut Hill, near Boston, Mass., Nov. 19. They shot at 800, 900 and 1,000 yards, fifteen shots at each distance, bull's-eyes counting six, and the scores were: W. Howard, 81, 80, 72—233; D. Webster, 83, 78, 67—228; J. Nichols, 75, 70, 66—214.

GEORGE DAVIDSON sailed from this port for Scotland on Friday, Nov. 14. His visit to the States was scarcely so successful as he and his friends had expected it would be, and it is safe to say that he now entertains a better opinion than formerly of the abilities of our leading weight-handlers and all-round athletes, and is fully impressed with the wonderful powers of E. W. Johnson, as a high jumper especially.

TWENTY interests in California are in the ascendant. A recent meeting of the Pacific Blood Horse Association was held, at which a committee was appointed to make arrangements for a winter meeting of three days, beginning on Christmas Day and finishing on New Year's Day. Theodore Winters announced his intention of adding \$500 to the three-year-old stake and \$250 to the two-year-old stake, and E. J. Baldwin expressed a similar intention.

ON Friday, 21st inst., Messrs. Bemis, Haverly and Rowe, of the Chicago Jockey and Trotting Club, met with Messrs. Johnson and Bruce, the well-known Southern horsemen, and consulted in regard to a race programme for next season. The plan presented by the latter gentlemen, and favorably considered by the others, was a most liberal one. It contemplated two meetings—one seven days in the latter part of June, and after a rest of four days another meeting of five, making twelve days in all and a total of forty events, with extremely liberal purses and added money. It will be presented to the executive committee at its next meeting, and, if approved, will be advertised at once. The annual meeting of the club will be held December 1.

A MATCH at lacrosse was played at Baltimore, Md., Nov. 17, between the Brooklyn and Baltimore Clubs, the score standing two to one in favor of the local players. When darkness stopped proceedings. The opposing teams were: Baltimore—Field captain, Joseph Pennington; point, Tunstall Smith; cover-point, E. Giroux; centre, C. J. Iglehart; home and field, Thomas Williams, Archibald Stirling, Gustavus Ober, William Comstock, Edmund Comstock, Dr. J. D. Iglehart. Brooklyn—Captain William Blacklock; goal, C. Crosbie; point, Jerry H. Crowley; cover-point, W. H. Journey; field and home, J. F. Baker, R. R. Brown, T. J. Levering, A. Barker, W. Blacklock, C. O'Donnell. Brown, Levering and O'Donnell are of the Baltimore Club, and played in the Brooklyn team to make up the game. The judges were A. L. Gorter, W. Lucas, Isaac Brooks, Jr., and A. Randolph; J. Harris Lee, referee.

COLONEL T. K. FULLER, president of a local patent medicine manufacturing company, at Syracuse, N. Y., announced that he will hang up a purse of \$7,000 to be rowed for over a five-mile course on Onondaga Lake by all first class oarsmen in the world, barring Courtney and Hanlan. The Fourth of July, 1880, is the day set for the race to be pulled. Colonel Fuller has not as yet fully decided upon the details of the contest beyond his determination to require an entrance of \$500 from each contestant to guarantee the good faith of each. Messrs. Courtney and Hanlan are barred, because Colonel Fuller believes that any man who permitted his backers to offer to buy a race for him, as Hanlan did at Chautauqua, or another who arranged for a race and then sneaked out of it, as Courtney has done, should be tabooed from the sporting world.

THE annual meeting of the Providence, Base Ball Association was held at Providence, R. I., on Nov. 30, when the following gentlemen were elected as officers for the ensuing year: Henry T. Root, president and treasurer; H. B. Winship, secretary; Messrs. Bloodgood, Thurston, Peckham, Root and Winship, directors. The treasurer's report showed that the past season had been a successful one financially, the profits of the year being \$1,500. The schedule has been a serious obstacle to the pecuniary success of the club, as in 1878, when the Providence and Boston clubs opened the season on their respective grounds, the receipts of the twelve games were \$7,000, while for the same number of games between these clubs in 1879 but \$3,400 were realized. The gate-money receipts of the club aggregated \$21,450 86. Messrs. Root and Winship were chosen as delegates to the annual meeting of the League on Dec. 3, at Buffalo, N. Y.

THE great Chicago international bicycle race between an English four, composed of Messrs. Keen, Stanton, Cann and Terront, and an American seven, composed of Messrs. Rutland, Nolan, T. Harrison, George Harrison, Velard, Myers and Adams, began at 10:10 A. M. at the Exposition Building. By the terms of the race the English team give the Americans 100 miles start. Terront made the best first mile in 3:51, Rutland 3:52, Harrison being the next best in 4 minutes. Adams made the poorest time, 7:35. The English team made the first twenty miles at an average of one hour and sixteen minutes and one second; the American team at an average of one hour, thirty-one minutes, nineteen seconds. The race continues six days, of fourteen hours each. The American team will win if its highest four make a greater aggregate of miles than the English team's score, after subtracting one

hundred miles from their (the English) aggregate number of miles.

CAPTAIN BOGARDUS, who recently arrived in this city, has replied to the challenge of Mr. Beardsley, the English shot, in the following letter, which evidently means business:

"New York, Nov. 22, 1879.

"I will accept the proposition of Mr. H. W. Beardsley, of London, and will shoot a pigeon-match against any four men he may name, and he need not name them until the day of the shooting. I do not bar any. I will shoot each match for \$500 a side, at 100 birds each, 30 yards rise, London Gun Club rules, with the exception that if I deem it necessary I can trap and handle out of the same lot of birds that my opponents are using. The matches to be shot in June or July next, and one match to be shot each week, or two matches a week, as I may choose after the first shot. If shot in England, Mr. Beardsley to deposit \$100 in the hands of *Bell's Life* in London for my expenses; also \$500 as forfeit on the matches; and if shot in this country, I will deposit \$100 at the *New York Clipper* office for my opponents' expenses, and also deposit \$500 as forfeit on the matches. If the matches are to be shot in England, I will name the places of shooting after I reach that country. *Bell's Life* to be stakeholder and referee.

"Yours, A. H. BOGARDUS."

THE Modoc and St. Louis Rowing Clubs, of St. Louis, Mo., crossed blades in an eight-oared barge race on the Mississippi River, Nov. 18, over a mile and a half straightway course. In the annual race, rowed Sept. 27, and won by the Modocs, the St. Louis were prevented from taking part by reason of their inability to furnish a crew for a week-day race, and the Modocs, feeling that the title of champions was an empty one unless it embraced victory all over, consented to row them a special race to decide the matter. The St. Louis were very confident of victory—so confident that one of their members, a prominent jeweler, offered a handsome boat-house ornament as a prize for the victors. The St. Louis obtained a slight lead at the start, but became demoralized and lost ground rapidly, when the Modocs forged ahead. The latter won by a dozen lengths in 11m. 40s.—very good time when the current is considered. Their crew was the same that captured the Faust Cup some time time back, and was as follows: J. Stumpf, O. H. Greene, R. P. Allen, H. E. Asman, E. Parsons, J. C. Cousland, George Brunard, William Keller (stroke), and William Welsh (coxswain). The race excited the deepest interest among the friends of the several clubs, and attracted the largest crowd that ever gathered there to witness an event of this kind.

ARRANGEMENTS were made on the 24th inst. for a home and home inter-state cocking main between two prominent rival fanciers of New York and Pennsylvania. Articles of agreement were drawn up and signed, and a forfeit of \$500 earnest money posted for the event. The contracting parties signed an agreement that for the first tourney each side shall produce twenty-one cocks, at weights ranging from 4 lbs. 4 oz. to 5 lbs. 12 oz., and fight all that shall weigh within two ounces of each other for \$50 a side each battle and \$300 a side the odd fight. It was further agreed that the first main should be fought within fifty miles of Philadelphia, on December 14. The conditions of the second or return main are similar to the above, with the exception that each side agrees to "show" seventeen instead of twenty-one cocks. The New York rules are to govern both events, and "gaffs" one and a quarter inches in length to be used by each. The date for the return main is Christmas Eve, and it will be fought within twenty-five miles of this city, in either the state of New York or New Jersey, at the privilege of the backers of the New York chanciers. The owners of the New York feathered warriors do not back their own fowls, but only receive a percentage for their use. Several noted turfmen who take great interest in the sport find the stakes for the New York birds. It is expected that the mains will be two of the most important of the season judging from the parties who find the stakes and the interest they are manifesting to secure "fighting fowls" that have stamina and are famous for their gameness. The Pennsylvania party, who hail from Cooperstown and Philadelphia, have a splendid lot of fowls, and on the day selected for the battle they will offer odds that they will win both mains.

ADVERTISING.

A FEW advertisements will be inserted on this page at 50c. per line, net, payable in advance, for each and every insertion. No electrotypes or advertisements of a questionable character accepted.

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A SKIN OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER.
DR. T. FELIX GOUBAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER removes Tan, Freckles, Sallowness, and every blemish on beauty. It has stood the test of thirty years, and is so harmless we taste it, to be sure the preparation is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. SAYRE said to a lady of the *Academy* (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations." Also, Foulle's Ruble removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin.
Mme. M. B. T. GOUBAUD, Sole proprietor, 49 Bond street, New York.
For sale by all Druggists, and by R. H. Macy & Co., Stern Bros., Ehrlich & Co., I. Bloom & Bro., and other Fancy Goods Dealers.

MEDICAL.

ELECTRIC Belts, Sure Cure for Premature Debility: the only reliable. Send for Circular. Dr. P. KARR, 532 Broadway, New York.

ALLEN'S Brain Food.—A positive remedy for Nervous Debility, and Weakness of Genital Organs. \$1. All Druggists. Depot, Allen's Pharmacy 315 1st Ave., N. Y.

MANHOOD Restored.—Prescription Free. For the speedy Cure of Seminal Weakness, Loss of Manhood, and all disorders brought on by indiscretion or excess. Any Druggist has the ingredients. Address Davidson & Co., 78 Nassau street, New York.

CARD.—To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a receipt that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. JOSEPH T. LEMAS, Station D, New York City.

MAN'S MISSION on Earth.—A Popular Medical Treatise, clearly explaining the hidden causes which sap vitality and shorten the duration of life, with hints for the removal of the same, showing how overtaxed powers may be fully restored and obstacles to marriage overcome. By mail, 25 cents, currency or postage stamps. Address SECRETARY, Museum of Anatomy, Science and Art, 489 8th Avenue, New York City.

DOCUTA Capsules.—Safe and reliable cure for Kidney Complaints, and Diseases of the Urinary Organs. The word Docuta is on every box. Price per box, with full directions, Capsules (small size) 75 cents, Capsules (large size) \$1.50. At All Drug Stores. Mailed on receipt of price by DUNDAS DICK & Co., 35 Wooster Street, New York. Circulars free.

AMUSEMENTS.

CREMORNE GARDENS, 104, 106 and 108 West 32d Street, near 6th Avenue.—The most exquisite and sumptuously arranged establishment of the kind in the city. All that art can lavish or skill display, embodied with music of the newest and the best, and FIFTY BEAUTIFUL LADY CASHIERS, selected from the elite of Europe and America, are the attractions every evening. All languages spoken. No extortion in prices. FREE ADMISSION.

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A GOOD PLAN.—Combining and operating many orders in one vast sum has every advantage of capital, with skillful management. Large profits divided pro rata on investments of \$25 to \$10,000. Circular, with full explanations how all can succeed in stock dealings, mailed free. LAWRENCE & Co., 55 Exchange Place, New York.

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UNPRECEDENTED ATTRACTION.
OVER HALF A MILLION DISTRIBUTED.

Louisiana State Lottery Company.

This Institution was regularly incorporated by the Legislature of the State for Educational and Charitable purposes, in 1868, for the term of Twenty-five Years, to which contract the inviolable faith of the State is pledged, with a capital of \$1,000,000, to which it has since added a reserve fund of \$850,000. Its GRAND SINGLE NUMBER Drawings will take place monthly. It never ceases or postpones. Look at the following Distribution:

GRAND PROMENADE CONCERT, during which will take place the 115th GRAND MONTHLY

Extraordinary Semi-Annual Drawing, At New Orleans, Tuesday, December 16th, 1879.

Under the personal supervision and management of Gen. G. T. BEAUREGARD, of Louisiana, and Gen. JUBAL A. EARLY, of Virginia.

CAPITAL PRIZE, \$100,000.

Notice.—Tickets are Ten Dollars only. Halves, \$5.

Fifths, \$2. Tenth, \$1.

LIST OF PRIZES.

1 CAPITAL PRIZE OF	\$100,000	\$100,000
1 GRAND PRIZE OF	50,000	50,000
1 GRAND PRIZE OF	20,000	20,000
2 LARGE PRIZES OF	10,000	20,000
4 LARGE PRIZES OF	5,000	20,000
20 PRIZES OF	1,000	20,000
50 " "	500	25,000
100 " "	200	30,000
200 " "	100	40,000
500 " "	50	60,000
1,000 " "	25	100,000

APPROXIMATION PRIZES.

100 Approximation Prizes of	\$200	\$20,000
100 " "	100	10,000
100 " "	75	7,500

11,270 Prizes, amounting to.....\$522,500

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Gen. JUBAL A. EARLY, of Va., Commissioner.

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Write for circulars or send orders to

M. A. DAUPHIN, New Orleans, La.

or Same Person at No. 319 Broadway, New York.

AUTHORIZED by the Commonwealth of Kentucky.

Fourteenth popular drawing of the Commonwealth Distribution Company, at Macaulay's Theatre, in the city of Louisville, Ky., on SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29th, 1879. The drawing will be supervised by gentlemen of undoubted character and standing, and ticket-holders, agents and clubs are respectfully requested to send on representatives with proper credentials to examine into the drawing.

Every ticket-holder present at the drawing has the privilege of calling out his number and seeing it placed in the wheel.

1,980 prizes, amounting to \$112,400, will be distributed. Capital prizes, \$30,000, \$10,000, \$5,000. 10 of \$1,000 each. Whole ticket, \$2. Half ticket, \$1.

All orders and communications should be addressed to T. J. COMMERFORD, Secretary, Courier-Journal Building Louisville, Ky., or T. J. Commerford, 163 Broadway, New York.

MISCELLANEOUS.

\$5 TO \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$3 free. Address STRONG & Co., Portland, Maine.

FULL Dress Gowns and Ties at MARK MAYER'S, 100 Fulton Street, New York.

62 Gold, Crystal, Lace, Perfumed and Chromo Cards, name in Gold & Jet loc. Clinton Bros. Clintonville, Ct.

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SCARCE Books and Rare Photos. Sample, 3c. Catalogue, 3. Victor Renis & Co., Chicago, Ill.

\$72 A WEEK. \$12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address FAIR & Co., Augusta, Maine.

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POKER!—If you want to win at cards, send for the Secret Helper, and find out the thing. It will beat old sports. Address H. O. BROWN, Salem, New Hampshire.

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GENUINE French Transparent Playing Cards, each card contains a rich, rare and spicy scene visible only when held to the light. Warranted to suit. Full playing deck of 52 cards sent by mail for 50 cents, prepaid. J. PATRICK, Box 5257, Boston, Mass.

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